

PROVOCATIVE ILLUSTRATED ADULT FANTASY

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A WARREN MAGAZINE

**THE CLIMAX
OF "DIANA
JACKLIGHTER!"**



**NOT TO BE SOLD
TO PERSONS
UNDER 18 YEARS
OF AGE!**

HORROR & SCI-FI FUN BOOKS!

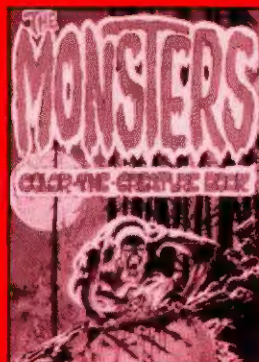
HORROR & SCI-FI FUN BOOKS



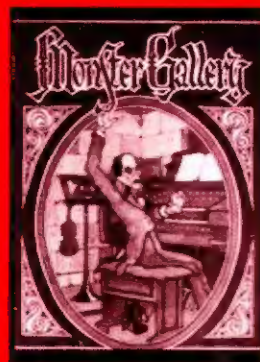
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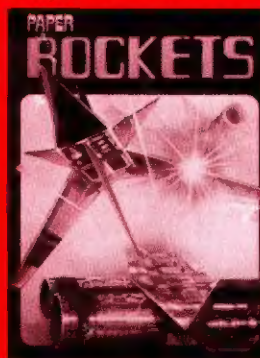
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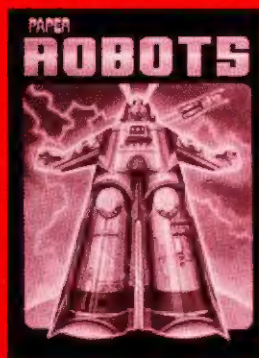
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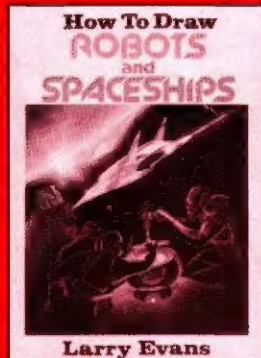
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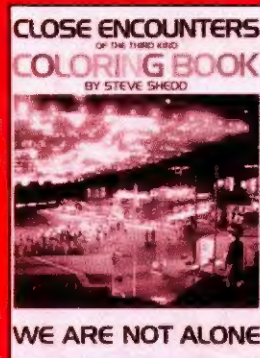
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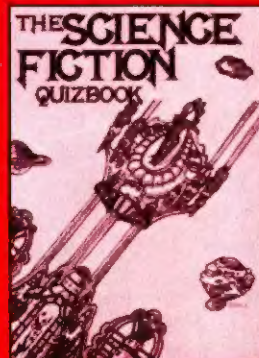
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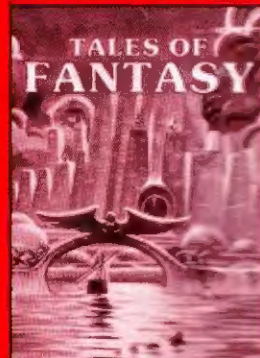
HOW TO DRAW ROBOTS AND SPACESHIPS: Easy-to-follow tips! Covers weaponry, space stations, probes, and more! #21380/\$4.50



CLOSE ENCOUNTERS COLORING BOOK: This book of full-page pix for coloring also tells the story of the movie! #21312/\$1.25



SCIENCE FICTION QUIZ BOOK: Out of this world quizzes and games on your favorite science fiction films & novels! #21387/\$4.95



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METEOR ACTIVITY BOOK: Coloring, cut-outs, games and puzzles...plus fascinating factual information! Red hot! #21394/\$1.25



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HORROR & SCI-FI FUN BOOKS

HORROR & SCI-FI FUN BOOKS

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1994

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JAMES WARREN
Publisher

TIMOTHY MORIARTY
Editor

RANDY PALMER
Assistant Editor

W.R. MOHALLEY
Art Director

R.R. ARMIJOS
CAROL COLLIER
RICHARD HECHT
Art Production

LORI FANCHER
Advertising Production

LOURDES I. VAZQUEZ
Typesetter

• Cover
FASTNER & LARSON

Writers
BILL DuBAY
DAN HALLASSEY
BRUCE JONES
TIMOTHY MORIARTY
FRANK THORNE

Artists
VIC CATAN
ESTEBAN MAROTO
RUDY NEBRES
ALEX NINO
FRANK THORNE

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NEWS PAGE 4

Noxious news of the future! Astounding accounts of the past...including a blow-by-blown chronicle of the Marvel-Warren softball contest and a look at the dawn of the new age of Eerie super heroes!



YOUNG SIGMUND 5

The Wizard of Ounce...was he man or machine, devil or saint, animal or vegetable or mineral? Only by following the rusty junk road would I discover the truth and recover my spaceship!



TERMARROWS 18

Gomer and Joe-Bob had a crucial mission on the planet Viscuous, and the only thing standing between them and success was a tent-ful of gorgeous, naked, horny, drugged-out harem girls!



GHITA 27

The marriage gondola of Ghita and Rahmuz descended into utter darkness, a lawless realm of inner space, where the long-dead harvest of Ghita's blade awaited their bloody vengeance!



ANGEL 35

Angel knew that the Russian Colonel was insane...but the nature of an earthman's madness did not impress her until she found herself bound to a nuclear missile streaking toward Armageddon!



JACKLIGHTER 49

Time was running out! In fifty minutes, the starship's self-destruct device would detonate, ending Diana's career as a man-huntress...and her chance of exacting revenge for this betrayal!

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94's NEBULOUS NEWSPAGE

1994 readers who can't get enough of the Warren brand of illustrated science fiction will kick their heels up over **CREEPY #143**, featuring a 27-page flying saucer epic by **Don McGregor** and **Isidro Mones**! Plus **EERIE #137** featuring six sensational super-hero tales! And much more!



EERIE HEROES ORIGIN ISSUE!

We didn't realize how fondly our readers remembered the many super-hero series we ran in the early 70's! But following **EERIE #130**, which starred the most popular characters ever to appear in the magazine, we were besieged with requests for more...more...more! Plans are being made to bring back some of these heroes in team-up tales, and possibly even series of their own. But for now, the December **EERIE (#137)** features the origins of...**Hunter! Exterminator One! Dardion the Mystic! Spook! Coffin! And the Mummy!** We're talking **Jim Starlin, Doug Moench, Esteban Maroto, Jose Ortiz**, and like that! There's also a complete index to the above-named heroes, and other surprises! The Warren age of super-heroes is about to explode...trust us! And if you want to know who's who and how they go; that way, **EERIE #137** is a must!



COMING COLOR SECTIONS!

All right...we know the monthly wait to find out what the new **EERIE** color section will be is driving you nuts! Issue **#138** features "Granny Gutman and the Limbo Men" by **Rich Margopoulos** and **Fred Carrillo**! The **Crimson Trident**, **Foxfire**, and **Talus** will turn the super-hero world on its ear...if **Granny** doesn't cane them to death first! Slated for the following issue is "The Infinity Force" by **Bill DuBay** and **Rudy Nebres**! We like both introductory episodes so much, we're going to alternate the two series in our color section—until something we like better pushes them out! (Talk about 'no room at the inn'!)

JEAN-PAUL SARTRE SERIES?

So you think comic books can't be serious, huh? We spoke with **Rich Margopoulos** concerning our special **EERIE HEROES** issue, and he gave us the following insight into the creation of his character **Hunter**...specifically, his decision to give the mutant killer a helmet. In addition to the need to cover **Hunter's** copper-colored skin, **Rich** was influenced by a saying of **Jean-Paul Sartre's**: "Whenever two people's eyes meet, one averts his gaze. The one thus dominates the other, and reduces him to the level of an object." Pretty heavy stuff, huh? Now, if we could just get old **Jean-Paul** to try his hand at comics....!



WARREN STRIKES OUT!

We've got to admit...reading every month in the **Marvel Comics** fan page about their softball team's exploits made us jealous! We wanted to write about our softball team, too! So we formed one, and challenged our publishing rivals! As for the result...well, does it matter? Does it really? Isn't sportsmanship what it's all about? Let's talk instead about the way **Bill DuBay** hung in at third base even after the fourth ground ball off his forehead. How **Bill Mohalley** bravely withstood the opposition's demand that he get at least every other pitch within ten feet of home plate. How **Tim Moriarty** reached into his own pocket for cab fare to chase several of the fly balls hit over his head. Not to mention the heroism of **Richard Hecht, Roy Armijos, and David Allikan**! So, we ask you...does the score really matter? Well, since they'll probably tell you anyway, it was 20-1. But there's next year! And we'll beat those guys...if we have to put **Reggie Jackson, Pete Rose** and **Carl Yastrzemski** on our production staff!



DIANA JACKLIGHTER ENDS!

With compulsive completionists like us, you've got to enjoy a good series while it lasts—it's not going to be around forever! The December issue of **1994 (#28)** features the final episode of **Diana Jacklighter, Manhuntress!** The rookie space warden finally tracks down the last of her run-away convicts...and learns the shattering truth about the mission that's occupied her these many months! If you've followed the **Bruce Jones, Dan Hallassey** and **Esteban Maroto** series from its beginning, we promise: you're going to be surprised! (Heck...we'd terminate **Vampirella** if we could think of an ending this good!) It goes on sale **October 19**...for adults only, that is!



27-PAGE MCGREGOR EPIC!

If you've been eating up the new **Don McGregor** mindbenders we've brought out in recent months (like "Sweetwater Nessie," appearing in **VAMPI**), get ready for a double dose of **Don**! The November **CREEPY (#143)** features chapter two of the horror-western "Moral Blood"...plus the long-awaited extraterrestrial epic, "The Spectator who Wept for Children"! In the same issue is an original sequel to **H.G. Wells'** "The Invisible Man," drawn by **Alex Nino** (or should that be...not drawn by **Alex Nino**)? One thing is sure...**CREEPY #143** will be invisible if you don't get to the stand soon after **October 12**!

COMING WARREN MAGAZINES

EERIE #137: Origin tales of **EERIE's** greatest heroes! **Exterminator One** by **DuBay & Neary**! **Dardion** by **Jim Starlin**! **Hunter** by **Margopoulos & Neary**! **The Spook** by **Moench & Maroto**! **Coffin** by **Lewis & Ortiz**! **And The Mummy** by **Skates & Broca**! **ON SALE SEPT. 28!**

VAMPI #110: Enjoy "A Feast of Fear" by **Margopoulos & Gonzalez**! Plus **Alex Toth's Torpedo**! **Jeremy!** The Queen of Souls by **DuBay and Maroto**! **Nightwind** by **Auraleon**! **And a Vampi extra**... "Tales of Lost Drakulon" by **DuBay and Mayo**! **ON SALE OCTOBER 5!**

FAMOUS MONSTERS #189: "E.T.!" "Friday the 13th, Part III!" "Incubus!" Part 2 of our "Alphabeast of Horror" and **John Carradine** features! And all our regular departments! More heart-rending horror than you can shake a bloody stump at! **ON SALE OCTOBER 12!**

CREEPY #143: It's here! **Don McGregor** and **Isidro Mones'** 27-page flying saucer phantasmagoria: "The Spectator who Wept for Children!" Plus part 2 of "Moral Blood" by **McGregor & Al Sanchez**! **Alex Nino's** "The Invisible Man"! And more! **ON SALE OCTOBER 12!**

GOBLIN #4: Funnier than **TIME!** More thrilling than **FAMILY CIRCLE!** It's the latest **GOBLIN**...featuring the **Micro-Buccaneers**, the **Hobgoblin**, the **Troll Patrol** in a color comic book insert, and more tales from the most demented minds in comics! **ON SALE OCTOBER 26!**

prologue

THE UNIVERSE IS A VERITABLE **PANDORA'S BOX OF SURPRISES...** THE **LEAST** OF WHICH TEND TO BE **GROSSLY UNPLEASANT** AND ALL-TOO-FREQUENTLY **LIFE-SQUISHING**, IN THE **EXTREME!**

WHAT THE HELL--?

SPLOOT! SPLOOT!

SPLOOT!

ONE SUCH UNPLEAS-
ANTRY MADE
ITSELF
MANIFEST
JUST OUTSIDE
THE **CLUSTER
FOKKE**, WHILE I
WAS ON MY
WAY TO THE
**3,271st ANNUM
PSYCHO-
ANALYTIC
ITINERANT'S
CONVENTION
ON HYPERION-
HILTON IV!**

I'D BEEN **CHUGGING** THROUGH THE STARLANES AT **LIGHT**, WHEN ALL OF A SUDDEN MY **STARSTREAKER** LET OUT A LOW, **ARIFOLATING GROAN**, **SPUTTERED**, AND LIKE A FART ON A WINDLESS NIGHT, HUNG **FLACCIDLY**, **OFFENSIVELY** IN **SPACE!**

HMM!
FUEL TANKS
REGISTER
THREE-QUART-
ERS FULL...
CARB'S PUR-
RING LIKE A
FELLATION
CLIT-KITTEN,
AND THERE'S
NO PROBLEM
IN THE **DRIVE
CORE!**

SO HOWCUM
I'M SITTING
OUT HERE LIKE
A **BUMP** ON A
HERPIAN **HAIR-
PIE!**

JUST AS I REACHED FOR MY **MAINTENANCE MANUAL**, MY SHIP STARTED **MOVING** ON ITS **OWN!** SLOWLY AT FIRST...ONLY GRADUALLY PICKING UP **SPEED**, UNTIL AROUND THE TIME WE HIT **LIGHT**, I HAPPENED TO GLANCE OUT MY **COCKPIT WINDOW** AND **CREAM** IN MY **SQUEAMY GENES!**

I FELT LIKE I WAS CAUGHT IN A **WHIRLWIND!** THE **UNIVERSE** WAS A SCREAMING **BLUR**, **SPINNING** PAST MY EYES **FASTER** THAN THE **FRUITS** OF MY LAST **HANDJOB!**

THE AROMATIC STENCH OF **FEAR** WAFTEO SOFTLY FROM MY **KNICKERS!** BUT IT WASN'T UNTIL I REALIZED THAT MY **ENGINES** WERE **SHUT DOWN** THAT I **REALLY SHIT A BIG ONE...**

...FOR **NO POWER** IN THE KNOWN UNIVERSE, SAVE A **VETERAN PUDSUCKER**, OR A **FORCE TRIPLE-THREE BLACK HOLE**, HAD THE **SUCTION POWER** TO SLURP A **STARSTREAKER** OUT OF THE **VOID!**





OR SO I'D
BEEN LED
TO
BELIEVE!



WHERE I WAS I
COULDN'T EVEN
SPECULATE!

BUT THAT WAS ONLY BECAUSE I FELT
MORE LIKE I'D BEEN **CHEWED UP** AND
SPURTED OUT THE RECREATION END OF A
STAR-SMASHER! WHEN I FINALLY DID
FIGHT MY WAY TO AWARENESS, I WAS
TOO BUSY TRYING TO FIGURE OUT WHAT
THE **RATTLING** WAS INSIDE MY **HEAD** TO
IMMEDIATELY CONCERN MYSELF WITH
TOURISM!



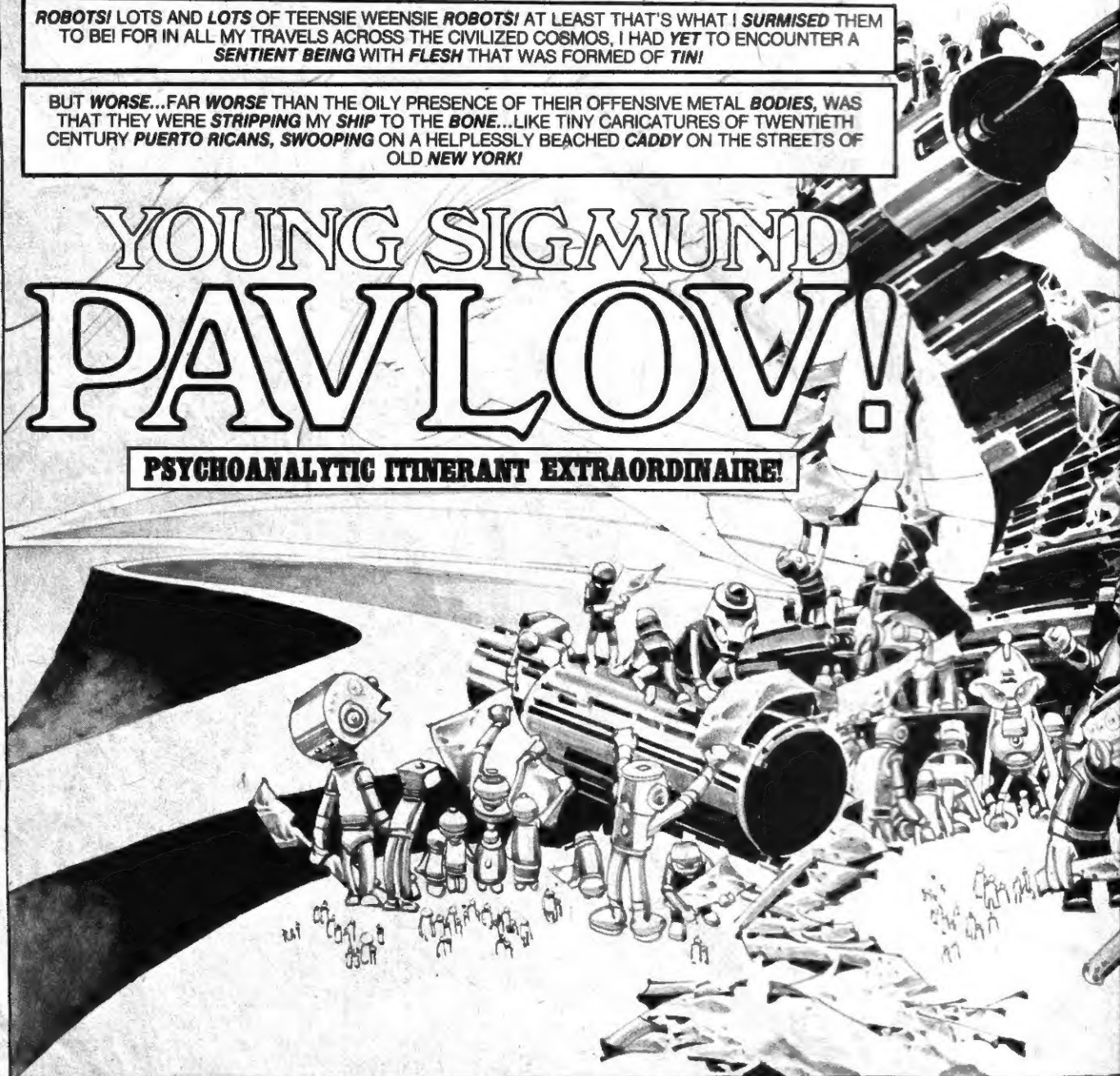
KTANG!
SPANG!
THWAG!
SPING!

ROBOTS! LOTS AND LOTS OF TEENSIE WEENSIE **ROBOTS!** AT LEAST THAT'S WHAT I **SURMISED** THEM
TO BE! FOR IN ALL MY TRAVELS ACROSS THE CIVILIZED COSMOS, I HAD **YET** TO ENCOUNTER A
SENTIENT BEING WITH **FLESH** THAT WAS FORMED OF **TIN!**

BUT **WORSE...** FAR **WORSE** THAN THE OILY PRESENCE OF THEIR OFFENSIVE METAL **BODIES**, WAS
THAT THEY WERE **STRIPPING** MY **SHIP** TO THE **BONE...** LIKE TINY CARICATURES OF TWENTIETH
CENTURY **PUERTO RICANS**, **SWOOPING** ON A HELPLESSLY BEACHED **CADDY** ON THE STREETS OF
OLD **NEW YORK!**

YOUNG SIGMUND PAVLOV!

PSYCHOANALYTIC ITINERANT EXTRAORDINAIRE!

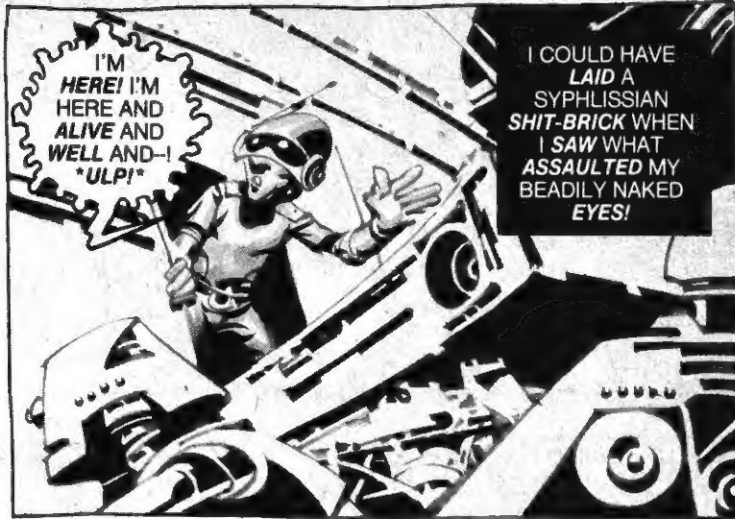




THEN IT **HIT** ME! THE NOISE WASN'T IN MY **SKULL**...IT WAS **OUTSIDE** THE **SHIP!**



IT SOUNDED AS THOUGH **SOMEONE**... NO, A LOT OF **SOMEONES** WERE **BANGING** ON THE **HULL**...TRYING TO GET **THROUGH** TO **SURVIVORS!**



I COULD HAVE **LAID** A **SYPHLISSIAN** **SHIT-BRICK** WHEN I **SAW** WHAT **ASSAULTED** MY **BEADILY** **NAKED** **EYES!**



STOP THIS! IMMEDIATELY! OR I'LL BE **FORCED** TO TAKE **DRASTIC** **ACTION!**

P-PLEASE STOP? IF YOU **DISMANTLE** MY **SHIP**, I'LL BE **MAROONED** **HERE!** I'LL **NEVER** GET TO THE **PSYCHOANALYTIC** **ITINERANT** **CONVENTION** **ON** **TIME!**

FOR ALL OF A **FRACTION** OF A **SECOND**, THEY **STOPPED** AND **STARED**, **SCANNING** ME **HEAD** TO **TOE** WITH **LOOKS** THAT **RELEGATED** ME TO A **RUBBER** **ROOM!** THEN, AS IF TO **ASSURE** THAT **INSULT** WAS **ADDED** TO **INJURY**, THE **LITTLE** **TIN** **HEATHENS** **TURNED** **AWAY** AND **RESUMED** THEIR **WORK** WITH A **FERVOR!**

STILL, THAT WASN'T ENOUGH FOR THEM! FOR RIGHT THEN AND THERE, SEVERAL OF THE RUSTHEADS LAID HANDS ON MY PRIVATE PERSONAGE... DRAGGING ME FROM THE CORPSE OF WHAT HAD BEEN MY SHIP!



COME! DON'T BE ALARMED!

WE'RE NOT ANGRY WITH YOU!

YOU... YOU'RE NOT ANGRY WITH ME?! I'M THE ONE WHO SHOULD BE PIQUED OFF! WHAT IS THE MEANING OF--?

HEY! YOU CAN TALK!

BUT OF COURSE! IT IS A VERY USEFUL TALENT... ESPECIALLY WHEN DEALING WITH OVERWROUGHT STAR-TRAVELERS!

YOU BET I'M OVERWROUGHT! JUST LOOK AT WHAT YOU'VE DONE TO MY STARSTREAKER! FOR YOUR INFORMATION, THAT IS THE COUPE DE VILLE OF THE STARLANES... THE STATUS SYMBOL OF THE BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE!

NO SELF-RESPECTING SHRINK SHOULD BE WITHOUT ONE!

UNLESS YOU HAVE A SHITKICKER OF AN EXPLANATION, YOU CAN REST ASSURED YOU WILL BE HEARING FROM MY ATTORNEY!

OH, BUT YOU MUST UNDERSTAND... IT WAS NOT US WHO PULLED YOUR SHIP FROM THE SKY...

...IT WAS THE WICKED SMELTOR OF THE WEST AND HIS SUPER-ELECTRIC SKYMAGNET!

THE WHO WITH HIS WHAT?

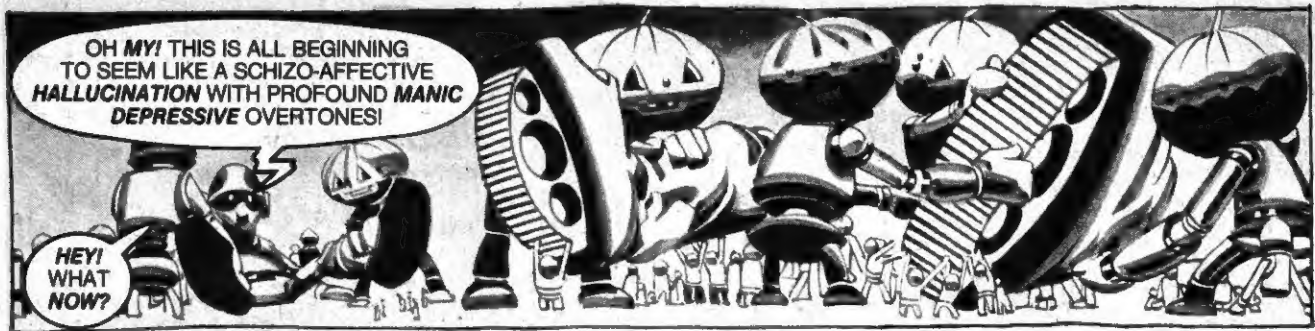
WELL, HE USED TO BE THE WICKED SMELTOR OF THE WEST ANYWAY!

BUT THANKS TO YOU, HE'S NOW A PILE OF SCRAP IRON!

GREAT FREUD! YOU MEAN THAT MY SHIP--?

NOT TO WORRY! IT WAS AN ACCIDENT! BUT THE WICKED SMELTOR OF THE EAST IS GONNA BE ONE PISSED OFF TIN MAN! ONCE HE FINDS OUT WHAT YOU'VE DONE, YOU CAN KISS YOUR PINK BAUBLES GOODBYE!

DING DONG! THE SMELTOR'S DEAD! THE WICKED SMELTOR'S SMASHED!





W-W-WAIT A MINUTE! WHERE ARE YOU GOING WITH MY SHIP? STOP! LISTEN TO ME! THIS IS UTTER INSANITY!

I DON'T WANT TO BE YOUR NEW SMELTOR! I DON'T WANT THIS JOB! I DON'T WANT THESE SHOES! I DON'T WANT ANYTHING TO DO WITH THIS PSYCHOTIC PLANET!



I'M AN INTERGALACTICALLY RENOWNED, HIGHLY RESPECTED PRACTITIONER OF THE PSYCHOANALYTIC ARTS! I WILL NOT TOLERATE SUCH WANTON DISREGARD FOR MY GOD-GIVEN, INALIENABLE INTELLIGENCE!

YOU'RE NOT LISTENING TO ME!

I SAID...I AM YOUNG SIGMUND PAVLOV, PSYCHOANALYTIC ITINERANT, AND I REFUSE TO BE TREATED LIKE A COMMONER!

I WANT MY SHIP BACK! I WANT TO GET AWAY FROM THIS ENDONGENOUSLY PSEUDO-NEUROTIC LITTLE WORLD!



I WANT... SOMEBODY TO HELP ME OFF WITH THESE SHOES!



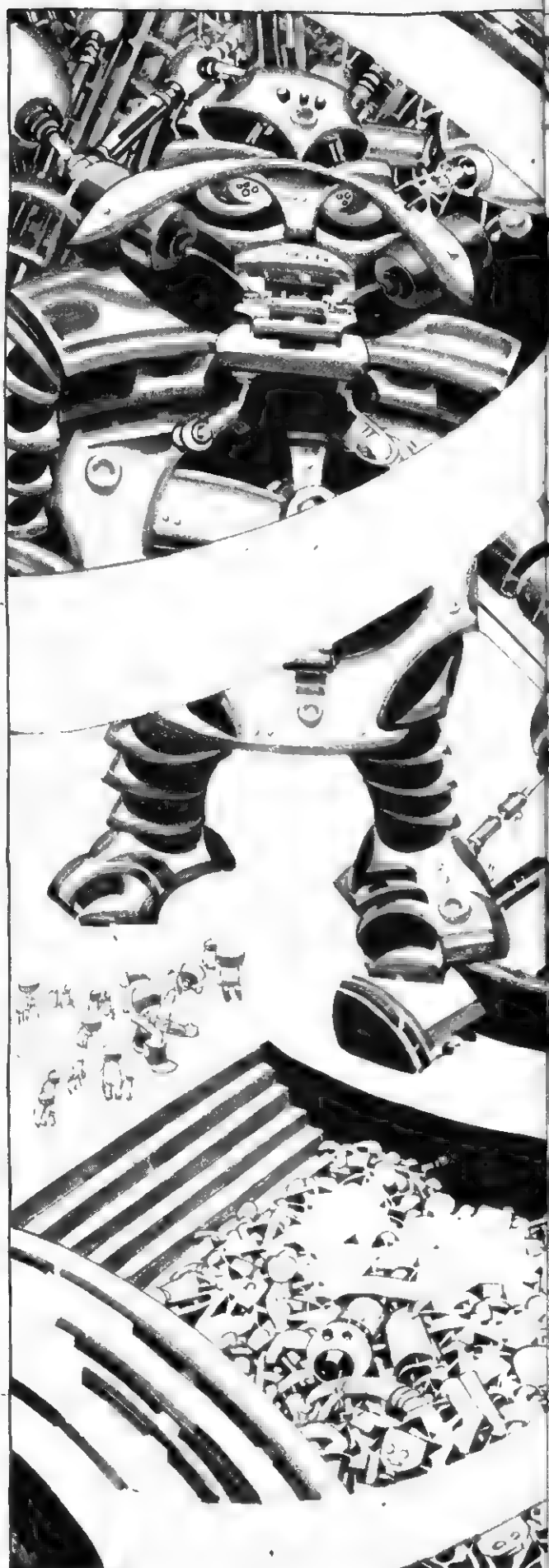
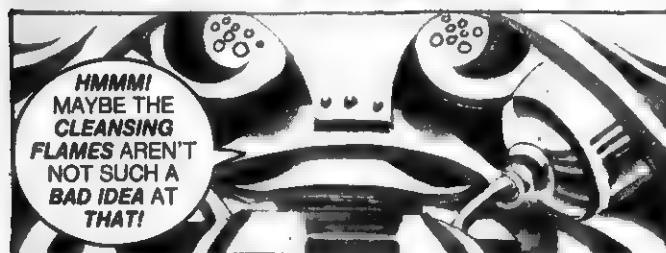
SO SORRY, BOSS! THE SHOES'VE GOTTA STAY! THEY'RE THE TRADEMARK OF A MASTER SMELTOR!

AS FOR YOUR SO-CALLED SHIP, WELL... YOU CAN KISS THAT BABY GOODBYE!

THERE GOES THE LAST OF IT, NOW...INTO THE MELTING POTS WITH THE REST OF TODAY'S TAKE...!

TH-THE MELTING POTS?!







WHY, OUNCE
IS THIS PLANET,
OF COURSE! DON'T
YOU KNOW ANY-
THING?

THE **TECHNO-
WIZARD** IS MASTER OF ALL! HE
RESIDES IN THE GREAT **IRON CITY**
...FROM WHICH ALL GOOD THINGS
MUST COME!

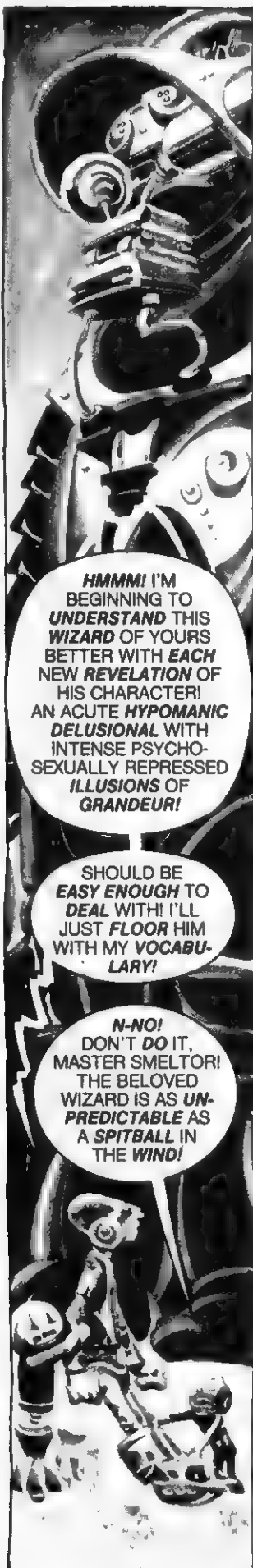
IT IS **HE** WHO
BUILT OUR METAL GLOBE!
HE WHO CONCEIVED, CREATED
AND BESTOWED **LIFE** UPON
US ALL!

IT IS **HE** WHO
DEMANDS EVER-INCREASING
AMOUNTS OF RAW, MOLTEN **METALS**
WITH WHICH TO ASSEMBLE **LARGER**
AND **GREATER CREATIONS!**

HE IS THE GREAT
TECHNOLOGICAL **WIZARD-GOD** OF
OUNCE, WHO CAN BE REACHED ONLY
BY **FOLLOWING THE RUSTY JUNK**
ROAD...!

OUNCE! WHY
OUNCE? DOES HE HAVE
A **WEIGHT PROBLEM** OR
SOMETHING?

IT IS INDEED **DIFFICULT** TO
COMPREHEND! I **BELIEVE**, HOWEVER, IT
HAS SOMETHING TO DO WITH AN ANCIENT
TERRAN ABBREVIATION!



HMMM! I'M BEGINNING TO UNDERSTAND THIS WIZARD OF YOURS BETTER WITH EACH NEW REVELATION OF HIS CHARACTER! AN ACUTE **HYPOMANIC DELUSIONAL** WITH INTENSE PSYCHOSEXUALLY REPRESSED ILLUSIONS OF GRANDEUR!

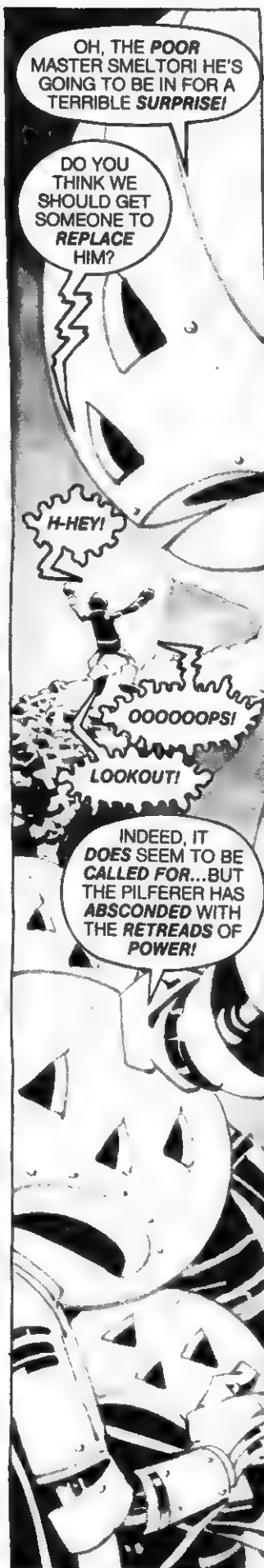
SHOULD BE EASY ENOUGH TO DEAL WITH! I'LL JUST FLOOR HIM WITH MY VOCABULARY!

N-NO! DON'T DO IT, MASTER SMELTOR! THE BELOVED WIZARD IS AS UNPREDICTABLE AS A SPITBALL IN THE WIND!



AH...BUT THEN THAT IS MY SPECIALTY... DELVING INTO AND MANIPULATING THE PSYCHE OF THE UNPREDICTABLE!

JUST GIVE ME A FLAGRANT NUTCASE AND I'LL HAVE HIM EATING OUT OF MY VERY HAND!



OH, THE POOR MASTER SMELTOR! HE'S GOING TO BE IN FOR A TERRIBLE SURPRISE!

DO YOU THINK WE SHOULD GET SOMEONE TO REPLACE HIM?

H-HEY!

OOOOOOPS!

LOOKOUT!

INDEED, IT DOES SEEM TO BE CALLED FOR...BUT THE PILFERER HAS ABDONDED WITH THE RETREADS OF POWER!

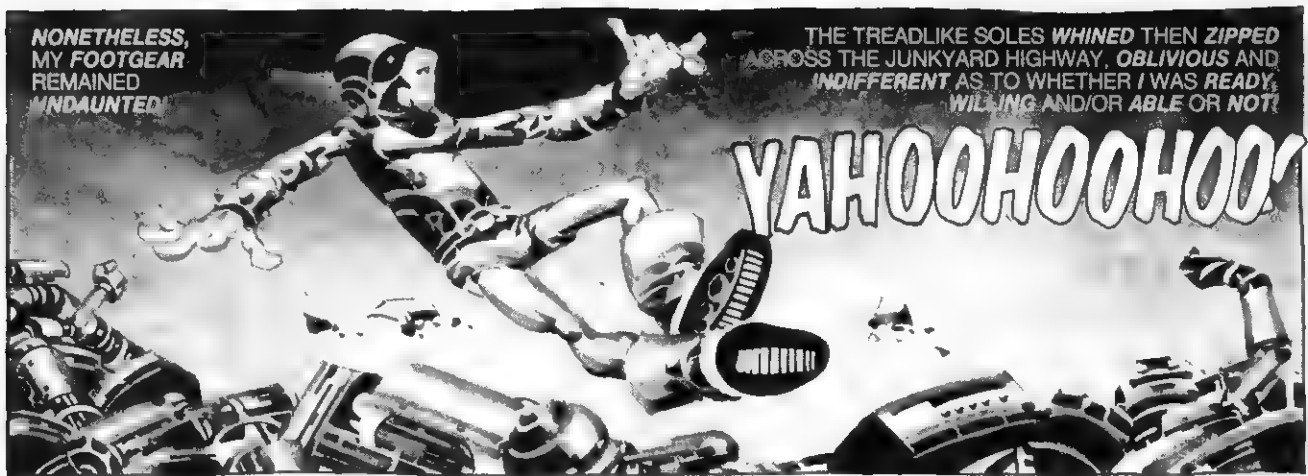


YIKE!

OUTTATHWAY!

OOOOOF!

AS I RACED ACROSS THE RUSTY JUNK ROAD, IT SOON BECAME PAINFULLY OBVIOUS THAT THE SHOES OF THE MASTER SMELTOR HADN'T BEEN DESIGNED FOR SUCH GROSSLY-NEGLECTED, ALMOST IMPASSIBLE TERRAIN!



NONETHELESS,
MY FOOTGEAR
REMAINED
UNDAUNTED

THE TREADLIKE SOLES *WHINED* THEN *ZIPPED*
ACROSS THE JUNKYARD HIGHWAY, *OBLIVIOUS* AND
INDIFFERENT AS TO WHETHER I WAS *READY*,
WILLING AND/OR *ABLE* OR *NOT*!

YAHOOOHHOOHOO!



BEFORE HAVING BEEN CARRIED *FIFTY*
FEET, I WAS A *BRUISED*, *DESPERATE* MASS
OF *HUMANITY*!

BY THE TIME
I'D REACHED
THE *HUNDRED*
YARD LINE, I
FELT LIKE A
PLATE OF
HAMBURGER
HELPER!



BUT IT WASN'T UNTIL I WAS
ALMOST A *QUARTER* OF THE
WAY TO THE *WIZARD'S GATE*
THAT I WAS *UTTERLY CERTAIN*
THAT MY FOOTWEAR HAD
DESIGNS ON MY *LIFE*!

KRANG

OOOOOF!

HEY!
WATCHIT, Y'CLUMSY
BARFBAG!



THE *VOICE* SOUNDED LIKE THE *CONSTIPATED CRY* OF A *RUST-CRUSTED IRON*
TOAD! IT TURNED OUT TO BE SOMETHING FAR MORE *HORRIBLE*...WHEN THREE
FRIGHTENING PIECES OF SUPPOSEDLY INANIMATE *DEBRIS* *SPRANG* TO
HORRIFYING *LIFE*, PRACTICALLY BENEATH MY *FEET*!

WHAT'S THE *BIG IDEA*,
PINKSKIN? AIN'T 'CHA GOT
NO *RESPECT* FOR *INORGANIC*
LIFEFORMS?

SORRY!
DIDN'T SEE
YOU!

DIDN'T *SEE* US?
THAT'S WHAT YOUR KIND IS
ALWAYS SAYING!

WHAT YOU *MEAN* IS...
YOU DON'T GIVE A *FLYING*
FLAKE FOR THE *FEELINGS* OF
A WELL-TUNED, HIGHLY
SENSITIVE *MACHINE*!





E.T.™

THE EXTRA-TERRESTRIAL

FULL-HEAD MASK!

E.T. the Extra-Terrestrial® has generated a wave of enthusiasm across the nation, capturing the hearts of young and old! And now comes the ultimate E.T. product from Don Post Studios, the first name in mask-making! Using the original E.T. as a model, they have created a full latex headpiece, authentically detailed and capturing the heartwarming characteristics of the original, lovable extra-terrestrial! This unique headpiece is beautifully crafted, and truly the finest available for costuming, collecting, or displaying! It's so realistic, people will be asking for your autograph...especially if you happen to be under three feet tall! Once you get the hang of stretching your neck, you'll be the most popular terrestrial in town! #25017/\$39.95

1983 CALENDAR!



If you've been counting the days until you can see "E.T." again, here's the perfect way to count them...on the 1983 Extra-Terrestrial calendar! Measuring a huge 12 x 22 inches, it features a different full color illustration for each month! There's the alien ship, bicycle chase scene, E.T. raiding the fridge, the tearful goodbye and more! And when the year's over you'll have a valued collector's item! It's really something to phone home about! #26361/\$5.95



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HAUNTING HALLOWEEN MASKS!



SKULL: A classic! You'll be a figure of dread in your death's head, with its two rows of rotting teeth! #2556/\$18.95



MUMMY: This ancient, obscene horror features red eyes & yellowing skin encrusted with white bandages! #2562/\$13.95



NOSFERATU: Dracula's first film incarnation! This bald-headed bloodsucker has big, bulging eyes! #2579/\$18.95



YETI: The abominable snowman! Menacing fangs shrouded by wind-blown brown & white hair! Brrrrrr! #2582/\$49.95



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SARGOTH THE COBRA: An olive-colored, hooded reptile with long, protruding fangs! A real charmer! #2599/\$29.95



PUMPKIN: This orange mask will make you a walking jack-o'-lantern! But don't put a candle in the middle! #25014/\$31.95

To order any of these items, please see last page of this magazine for convenient **RUSH ORDER FORM.**

prologue

THE SECURITY MEASURES SURROUNDING THE DESERT PLANET VISCIOUS III ARE STRINGENT! THEIR WAR AGAINST THE HATED DENIZENS OF DUCTILE V IS NOW IN ITS SECOND DECADE!



ALL SHIPS THAT WISH ENTRY TO THE SURFACE MUST SUBMIT TO A SEARCH AT THE GATE OF THE HIGH-ENERGY FIELD THAT RIMS THE PLANET, SHIELDING IT FROM HOSTILE MISSILES!



GOSHAROOTY,
JOE-BOB! THIS
PLACE'S AS BUSY
AS A-I HELL!

HOW LONG
DO I HAVE TO KEEP
UP THIS GOOD-OLD
BOY PATTY?

CAREFUL HOW YA
TALK THERE, GOMER! YA
DON'T KNOW WHO'S LIST-
ENIN', DO YA?

KEEP IT UP 'TIL WE
FIND US THE GOV'MENT BUILDING
AN' COMPLETE THE MISSION! THEM
WAS THE ORDERS...!

TOO MANY TERMARROWS

I DO BELIEVE THAT LADY
IS GIVIN' ME THE EYE!

A LITTLE
PLEASURE BEFORE
BUSINESS NEVER
HURT ANYBODY! I'M
GONNA COP ME SOME
HAIRPIE!

YOU BE CAREFUL,
GOMER! YOU GOT THE
KEY ON YA?

'COURSE
I GOT THE KEY!
WHADDAYA THINK
I AM, SOME KIND
O' FUCKUP?



A VISCUOUS WOMAN
WANTS ME! WOW!

YEARS
FROM NOW, I'LL
LOOK BACK ON
THIS AND SHIT
A BRICK!

ENTER,
HOMO SAPIENS!
I HAVE ALWAYS
WANTED A MAN!
A MAN...LIKE
YOU!

THIS
MUST BE
YOUR LUCKY
DAY! I'M
YOURS!

M-M-M-M-M!

HER FRAGRANCE IS THAT OF
A DAWN MEADOW, HER BODY
AS LITHE AND SINUOUS AS
AN ELECTRIC EEL! GOMER IS
ENVELOPED IN A FLESH-TENT
OF PULSING, POUNDING,
JUNGLE LOVE! BUT THE
KICKER IS...

BUT WHEN
GOMER
RISES
AGAIN...!

THE
KEY! IT'S
GONE! AND
THE WOMAN
TOO!

...HER LOVE CUP TICKLES HIM! IT'S A UNIQUE SENSATION THAT
HAS GOMER BY TURNS LAUGHING, CRYING, AND SLAPPING
HIMSELF...ULTIMATELY LEAVING HIM IN A DIZZY-DELIRIOUS STATE
OF SEMI-CONSCIOUSNESS!

T-THE MISSION!
AWWW WOW! JOE-BOB'S
GONNA LOP MY BALLS
OFF FOR THIS!





WHAT'S SHE WANT WITH THE KEY? IT'S PRETTY, SURE, BUT IT'S NOT PRECIOUS OR ANYTHING!

WELL, IT'S PRECIOUS TO US! WE'VE GOT TO HAVE IT BACK!

SHE MAY NOT EVEN KNOW WE'RE AFTER HER!

SHE'S HEADING FOR THAT TENT! WE'VE GOT HER NOW!

WHOOA, DAMMIT! WHOOA!

WE'RE ON FOREIGN SOIL HERE, MY FRIEND! IF WE GO BARGING IN THERE FULL-BLAST, WE'RE LIABLE TO GET OUR PUTZES PUNCHED FOR US ...AND WE'LL NEVER COMPLETE THE MISSION!

BETTER TO WAIT FOR DARKNESS!

AFTER SUNSET, GOMER AND JOE-BOB TETHER THEIR BEAST BEHIND A SAND DUNE...

HOIK!

AWWWK!

CHUCK!

OH!

GOD!

...CREEP UP BEHIND THE GUARDS, AND SILENTLY SEND THEM TO HELL!

SLIDING UNDER THE TENT BASE, THEY GAZE WITHIN...AND ARE AWESTRUCK!

THE TENT IS CARPETED IN GENTLY ROLLING MOUNDS OF SULTRY WOMAN-FLESH! TO THE PLAINTIVE PLUNKING OF A STRINGED VIBRO-VIO, THE SILKY-SMOOTH KITTENS LOUNGE IN HOOKAH-INDUCED LANGUOR, GIGGLING, NUZZLING, POUTING, AND DREAMING THE EXQUISITE DREAMS OF THE PAMPERED!



CAREFULLY, THE ADVENTURERS
SHIMMY FORWARD! THEIR
ARRIVAL IS MET WITH A MELODY
OF DELIGHTED SIGHS...AND NOT
ONE CRY OF ALARM!

THEIR CLOTHES
ARE GENTLY
REMOVED...!

IN THE FLICKERING LAMP-
LIGHT, WOMAN BLENDS WITH
WOMAN, ORIFICE WITH
ORIFICE...UNTIL THE
MEN ARE NEARLY
OVERCOME WITH
THE MOIST,
FUNKY FUMES
OF LOVE!

AH!

MMMM!

EEH!

OH!

OOOH!

BUT THEY
PRESS ON,
FOR THE
SAKE OF
THE
MISSION,
UNTIL...!

"HOO HOO
HA HA HAI"

T-THE TICKLE!
IT'S YOU!

BUT AT THAT VERY
MOMENT, THE TENT-
FLAP IS THRUST
ASIDE...!

INTRUDERS!
INTRUDERS ACCOSTING
MY WIVES!

PROPHET SAY,
HE WHO DALLIES IN
ANOTHER MAN'S PATCH
CAN EXPECT TO HAVE
HIS ROOTS YANKED!



RAPE!
THEY RAPED ME,
HUSBAND!

I KNOW WHO YOU
ARE, YOU TWO!

THIS
INFORMATION
REACHED US TOO
LATE TO STOP YOU
AT OUR ENERGY
SHIELD IN
SPACE...!

CONK!

HORRIBLE MEN!
KILL THEM, HUSBAND!
PLUCK THEIR EENTSY
JEWELS OUT!

I KNOW THAT YOU
ARE MERCENARIES, HIRED BY
THE WARMONGERS ON DUCTILE TO
DELIVER A WEAPON THAT WILL
ANNIHILATE OUR PLANET!

I INSTRUCTED
MY WIFE, LAUGHALA,
TO LURE YOU OUT OF
THE CITY, WHERE IT
WILL BE SAFE TO
DISARM IT!



YOU WILL
NOW DISARM THE
WEAPON...OR I
WILL FEED YOU
YOUR DICKS!

WE WILL
DO AS YOU
SAY, OH
PORTLY ONE!
BUT MAY WE
FIRST COVER
OUR NAKED-
NESS?

BY ALL
MEANS, DO!
MY STOMACH
HEAVES AT
THE SIGHT
OF YOU!

AND INSTANTLY ARE CLOTHED
IN AIR-TIGHT SUITS!

HUSBAND,
THOSE ARE NOT
THE GARMENTS
THAT THEY HAD
BEFORE...!

I KNOW
THERE WILL BE
NO TREACHERY!
MEN OF YOUR ILK
ARE TOO COWARD-
LY TO TAKE YOUR
OWN LIVES!

THEIR CLOTHES ARE
SUMMARILY BROUGHT THEM!
TAKING PACKETS HIDDEN IN
THE LINING OF THEIR SHIRTS,
GOMER AND JOE-BOB SPRING
TWO HIDDEN MECHANISMS...

SOME-
ONE! STOP
THEM!

HASTILY, GOMER
USES THE KEY AND A
SECRET SEQUENCE
TO OPEN THE CASE...!

THE FLEA AND TIC CIRCUS ACTUALLY
CONTAINS MILLIONS OF TINY **TERMARROWS**...

LET'S SHOW
'EM THE WEAPON,
SHALL WE, JOE-
BOB...?

YES!
LET'S DO,
GOMER!

...THE UNIQUE INSECTS RECENTLY DISCOVERED ON THE PLANET
GELATINOUS!

W-NOO!
A-EEEE!

TERMARROWS ARE **BONE TERMITES**! THEY **DEVOUR BONE**
AND **MARROW** JUST AS **TERMITES** EAT **WOOD**! AND THEIR
REPRODUCTIVE CAPACITIES ARE SUCH THAT, EVEN AS
THEY **FEED**, THEY ARE **LAYING EGGS**, WHICH **HATCH**
BUT MOMENTS LATER!

IN SECONDS, THE TERMARROWS WORK THEIR
WAY INSIDE THE **SHEIK**, HIS **HAREM**, AND HIS
GUARDS...AND HUNGRILY **GOBBLE** THEIR
SKELETONS, REDUCING THEM TO **OZZING**
PUDDLES OF **FORMLESS GORE**!

AS THE DIVE-BOMBING BLACK CLOUD OF **GNAWING DEATH** SPREADS OVER THE SURFACE OF **VISCOUS III**, TWO **WEARY**
MERCENARIES MAKE THEIR WAY THROUGH THE **AGONY** AND **PANDEMONIUM**...**WEARY**, YET **PROUD** OF A **JOB WELL DONE**!

IF YOU HADN'T
GONE OFF IN PURSUIT
OF THAT **PUSSY**, THIS
JOB WOULD HAVE BEEN
REAL **SMOOTH** AND **PRO-**
FSSIONAL!

AWW, JOE-BOB...
YOU'VE GOT TO LEARN
TO **RELAX**!

LET'S **SHAKE IT**!
WE'VE GOT SOME **PRIME**
LOOTING TO DO!

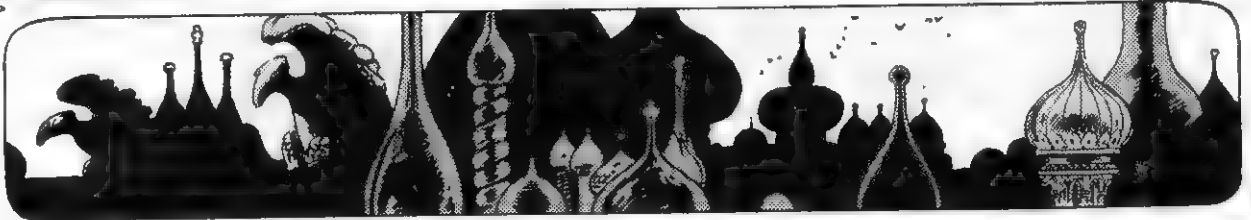
GHITA

OF ALIZARR

BY FRANK THORNE

GHITA, CAPTIVE IN THE HAREMS OF URD, LEARNS THAT HER RESCUERS, **THENEF**, THE SHAM WIZARD, AND **DAHIB**, THE HALFTROLL, HAVE GAINED ENTRANCE TO THE ROYAL COURTYARDS OF THE DESPOTIC SORCEROR **RAHMUZ**! **DAHIB**, BY STEALTH, HAS JOINED THE RANKS OF THE PALACE GUARD! **THENEF** DEVISES A PLAN FOR HER ESCAPE! SHE REFUSES TO LEAVE, CHOOSING TO **ENDURE** THE WEDDING WITH **RAHMUZ** IN HOPES OF CARRYING OUT HER DEADLY VISION OF A BLOODY RAMPAGE OF VIOLENT **RETRIBUTION**!

DAWN'S LUMINOUS FINGERS SKITTER THROUGH **URD**'S GROTESQUE **DOMES** AND TOWERING **SPIRES**! THE DAY OF GHITA'S MARRIAGE HAS **ARRIVED**! THE MULTI-ARMED GROOM HAS BEEN **LAVISH** IN HIS PLANS FOR THE UNION WITH THE SHACKLED QUEEN OF ALIZARR!



BY LATE SUN THE WANTON REVELRY PULSES TOWARD A STEAMING CLIMAX!

THE MINSTRELS ARE OF THE PLAYERS THAT YOU ONCE BELONGED, GOLD-HAIR!

AYE, AND THEY'D ENJOY AS MUCH PLAYING FOR THE VERMIN IN THE SEWERS OF BOLETH!



RAHMUZ' ARMED NUBIAN GUARDS AND HALFTROLLS OF THE PALACE MILITIA KEEP WATCHFUL EYES ON THE GUESTS AND PERFORMERS IN THE ARENA!

AT RAHMUZ' COMMAND, DAKINI MOUNTS THE PONTIFF OF NEPTHYS! RUNTHAR SADLY WATCHES AS THE NAKED ORGIASTS UNDULATE TO THE THROBBING WHINE OF THE OODINA! NO LONGER DOES THE EX-KING OF URD FOCUS ON GHITA OF ALIZARR!

BLENDING THE
THRONES OF URD
AND ALIZARR WILL
GIVE US CONTROL
OF THE NORTHERN
ROUTES!

THE NORTHLANDER
BISHOP OF NEPTHYS
ATTENDS TO AFFIRM
THE POLITICS OF SUCH
POWER!



HE'S GOT THE ARSE OF A
PRIEST! IT MOVES TOO
LITTLE, AND WANTS TOO
MUCH!

SPLENDID!
THE TRUTH
TO TELL, MY
QUEEN!



AS THE RETINUE MOVES TOWARD THE NUPTIAL
DOME, A JUGGLER'S BALL ROLLS TO A STOP
BEFORE THE ROYAL COUPLE!



THE JUGGLER RETRIEVES THE BALL...



...AND GHITA KNOWS THENEF IS ON HAND!



ALL THE CELEBRANTS AND ENTERTAINERS MOVE TO THE CAVERNOUS **WEDDING ROOM** ADJOINING THE ROYAL THRONE CHAMBER! GHITA NOTICES THAT **DAHIB** ALSO IS PRESENT, IN THE RANKS OF THE REGULAR BRIGADE OF RAHMUZ' PALACE MILITIA!



THE IRIS EYE OF THE PIT SLOWLY **OPENS** AS THE GILDED MARRIAGE GONDOLA IS LOWERED ON A **CHAIN OF SOLID GOLD!**

RAHMUZ ORDERS GHITA TAKEN **ABOARD** THE VEHICLE! "SECURE HER TO THE **MARITAL COUCH**," HE HISSES!



DAHIB IS BRIDLED BY THENEF'S GRIP! "HOLD," HE WHISPERS, "TO ATTEMPT A RESCUE NOW WOULD BE **SUICIDE!**"



THE BRIDE-TO-BE IS ODDLY *PASSIVE* AS FOUR OF RAHMUZ' BURLY *ELITE GUARDS* BIND HER TO THE PERFUMED COUCH! MARRIAGE HAS EVER BEEN *UNTHINKABLE* TO THE HARLOT FROM THE ALLEYS OF ALIZARR...BUT NOT *UNIMAGINABLE*! AS SHE LAYS UPON THE SILKEN PILLOWS, PERHAPS THE WOMAN IS CAPTIVATED BY THE *REALITY* OF EVEN SO *BIZARRE* A CEREMONY!

THE EBONY SEA
CALLS, GOLD-HAIR!

HEAR? IT IS THE
PARLIAMENT OF
WIZARDS, CHANTING
YOUR NAME!

IF THERE IS A SUBTERRANEAN *CHORUS*, ITS HYMN FALLS ONLY UPON THE *ARCH SORCERER'S* EARS! A NUMBING *SILENCE* SHROUDS THE ASSEMBLY WHILE THE *NUPTIAL CHARIOT* DESCENDS!



GODDESS!

THE CRAFT IS **SWALLOWED** BY THE DARK ABYSS! THE FADING LIGHT FROM THE PIT ENTRANCE ETCHES A TINY FRAGMENT OF **AMBER GLOW** IN THE BREEZELESS CREVASSE!



FAR ABOVE, THE PORTAL **SHRINKS** INTO THE BLACK VOID! THE TWO VOYAGERS **DANGLE** LIKE THE LAST SURVIVORS OF HUMANKIND AWAITING THE JUDGMENT OF THE **NETHER SPIRITS!**



GHITA **STRAINS** TO DEFINE THE INKY DEPTH! SHE TRIES TO LOCATE A WELL'S DAMP **WALLS**, OR THE SIDES OF A **CAVE!** THEN, HER EYES ARE DRAWN TO A POINT OF **LIGHT**, AND ANOTHER AND **ANOTHER!**



THE MARRIAGE GONDOLA HOVERS LIKE A PHOSPHORESCENT BUTTERFLY IN THE STARLIGHT! "IT BE A *THEATER!*" GHITA EXCLAIMS, "A PLAY OF CANDLES BEHIND A VELVET CURTAIN! BY NEBO'S JUNGLES! IT TRULY IS A *NIGHT SKY!*"

A WEDDING BAUBLE
FOR YOU, GOLD-HAIR!
A NECKLACE OF
HEAVEN'S STARS!



THE WISEMEN OF
ALIZARR TAUGHT
HEAVEN AS A
PLACE OF
ETERNAL LIGHT!

WHAT LIGHT BE
INSIDE A MAN'S
HEAD? FOR THAT IS
WHERE DWELLS
HEAVEN AND HELL!

SUCH IS ALL I
WOULD WANT TO
KNOW OF HEAVEN,
FOUR-ARMS!

TO FANCY THAT IT
BE AT ONCE WITH
HELL IS DROLL
ENOUGH!



RAHMUZ GESTURES AND THE DISCORDANT RUMBLE OF AN ORGAN'S DEEPEST TONES *RISE* FROM BELOW! THE GUTTURAL SYMPHONY SEEMS INTENT ON BUILDING A PROFANE *TEMPLE OF SOUND*, NOTE BY DEMONIC NOTE, TO *HOUSE* THE MARRIAGE CEREMONY!

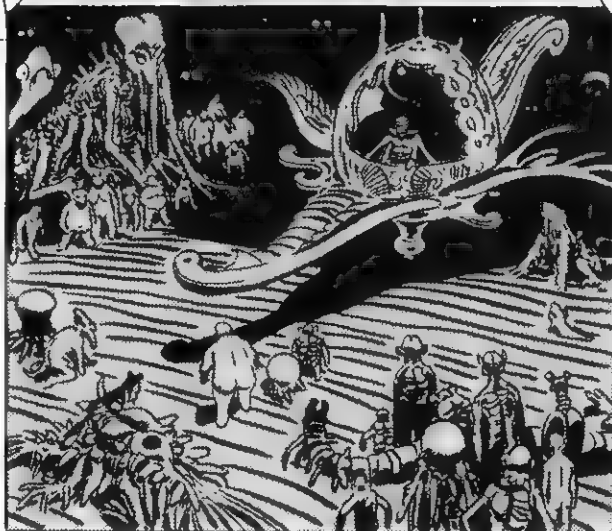
NECROMANCERS! GATHER,
MINISTERS OF DARK SPELLS
AND CONJURY!

COME FROM
THESE DARK
GROVES AND
BOWERS!

WITNESS
TO OUR
VOWS!



THE MUSIC *RISES* TO AN EAR-SPLITTING *CRESCENDO*, AS A LOATHSOME SWARM *OOZES* FROM THE THUNDEROUS FUGUE!



RAHMUZ MOVES HIS QUARTET OF ARMS LIKE AN ENRAPTURED *INSECT* IN GRACEFUL GESTURES OF GREETING!



WELCOME, DWELLERS
OF THE MANY DEEP
MANSIONS!

SUPREME MUMMERY! *WHO*
AMONG THE DECEIVERS BE
YOU?



I COME FOR THE
MURDEROUS WENCH WHO
WEARS BITS OF MY
ARMOR!



WHAT OF
THIS
WRAITH,
GOLD-
HAIR?

I KNOW HIM, AND KNOW THIS
PLACE TO BE HELL! FOR I SENT
HIM HERE! HE WAS *KHAN-
DAGON*, COMMANDER OF KING
KHALIA'S ARMIES!



HE'LL BE AFTER
REVENGE, FOUR-
ARMS! YOU'VE A
SCRAP ON YOUR
HANDS TO SAVE
YOUR BRIDE!



VIOLENT MOTION OF MORTAL COMBAT ROCKS THE DELICATE JASLAWOOD ARK!



THE MUMMIFIED GENERAL **PARRIES** AND **SHOUTS** TOWARD THE ENVELOPING SHADOWS!



THE ROTTING HARVEST OF GHITA'S BLADE **CLAMBERS** OVER THE SIDES OF THE NUPTIAL GONDOLAI **NERGON**, CARRYING HIS HEAD LIKE A GREENGROCER WITH AN OVERRIPE CANTALOUPE. BOARDS WITH **TIBOR**, HIS MINION! THE FENNISH THIEVES JOIN A TRIO OF CADAVEROUS **NOADS** AS SEVERAL PUTRESCENT **TROLLS** CLIMB ABOARD!



ANGEL

EARTH WAS EDEN! THE STAR-BORN CHILD WAS CONVINCED OF IT! THAT SMALL PORTION OF IT SHE'D SEEN SINCE COMING TO THE TERRAN WORLD WAS MORE BEAUTIFUL THAN ANY SHE'D EVER BEFORE BEHELD IN HER VAST TRAVELS ACROSS THE UNIVERSE!

IN FACT, THERE WAS ONLY ONE THING THAT MARRED THE PRISTINE BEAUTY OF THE GENTLE BLUE-GREEN WORLD! MAN! MAN WAS THE POISONOUS SERPENT THAT SLITHERED THROUGH THE GARDEN...A SNAKE THAT EITHER HAD TO BE DRASTICALLY REFORMED...OR MERCILESSLY EXPELLED!

THAT, IN ESSENCE, WAS WHY A VERITABLE STAR CHILD, CALLED ANGEL, AND HER WELL-HUNG, APE-LIKE GUARDIAN, HAD COME TO THE TAINTED GARDEN!

C'MON, Y'BIG DEFORMED LUG! I'D LOVE TO STAY IN THIS AFRICAN JUNGLE FOREVER, BUT WE'VE STILL GOT AN APPOINTMENT WITH THE TERRAN LEADERS!

AAAAAAAAAAAA!

*UH OH! SEEMS LIKE EVERY TIME YOU MENTION OUR MISSION, I HEAR THE BLOOD-CURDLING SCREAM OF A MAN WHO'S JUST GOTTEN HIS SHLONG BITTEN OFF!

DEW
AGE *

WE CAN'T IGNORE THOSE IN NEED, APE! WE WERE SENT HERE BY THE STELLAR GUARDIANS TO PROTECT THE HUMANS! EVEN FROM THEMSELVES, IF NECESSARY!

PAP
HIE *

*I'VE HEARD IT ALL BEFORE, DOLLPUS! WE HAVE TO WATCH THEIR BUTTS... EVEN IF IT MEANS PUTTING OUR OWN PICKLES ON THE FIRING LINE!



THAT SCREAM
CAME FROM IN THERE,
APE! A CAVE!

REER
HHNR *

*C-CAVE! YOU MEAN A DARK, DANK
SMELLY BLACK HOLE IN THE GROUND,
WHEREIN DWELLS SQUEAMY, CRAWLY,
SLITHERING GROATIES THAT'D LIKE
NOTHING BETTER THAN TO NIP AT MY
WELL-HUNG MANHOOD!?

OH APE, YOU'RE SUCH
A SISSY! HOW CAN YOU THINK
OF YOURSELF WHEN THERE COULD
BE A MAN DYING IN THERE?


*I'M NOT THINKING OF MYSELF!
I'M THINKING OF MY PRECIOUS
ROOTSTALK! HAVEN'T YOU
NOTICED HOW MANY
MANEATERS INFEST THIS FETID
LITTLE GLOBE? AND LET'S FACE
IT, GIRL...WE'RE TALKING ABOUT
A FULL COURSE OF MANHOOD
HERE!

KHB
AZZO *

WHAT WE'RE
TALKING ABOUT IS
A HUMAN LIFE!

YHN
KHT *

*ANGELCAKES!
WAIT! YOU
DON'T KNOW
WHAT YOU'RE
RUSHING
INTO!



AS THE PYGMIES LUNGED FROM THE UNDERBRUSH, APE, TOO, SPRANG SWIFTLY, SILENTLY INTO MOTION...A COILED INSTRUMENT OF DESTRUCTION, ENRAGED BY THE THREAT TO HIS PRECIOUS CHARGE!

WHY DON'T YOU PICK ON SOMEBODY YOUR OWN SIZE, Y'SCUZZY LITTLE RETARDS?

SEL
THI *

DON'T HURT THEM, APE! THEY COULD'VE KILLED ME INSTANTLY, BUT THEY DIDN'T! THEY'RE PROTECTING WHATEVER'S INSIDE THAT MOUNTAIN!

BEFORE HER BRITISH COMPANION COULD STOP HER, ANGEL DARTED INTO THE CAVERNOUS DARKNESS, AND WAS INSTANTLY HORRIFIED AT THE SIGHT WHICH ASSAULTED HER DISBELIEVING EYES!

STELLAR GUARDIANS PRESERVE US! CANNIBALS!

IS ABOUT TIME YOU GOT FROM HERE! IN FEW SECONDS MORE, COLONEL MOLOTOV P. FERRETOVICH WOULD BE ONE HARD-BOILED EGG...!

I DON'T THINK
I'M WHO YOU *THINK*
I AM, COLONEL! BUT
I'M GLAD I FOUND
YOU IN TIME!

Y-YOU AM
NOT FAMOUS
SCANTILY-CLAD
WENCH CALLED
SHEENA OF
JUNGLE?

SORRY,
COLONEL!
JUST CALL
ME YOUR
GUARDIAN
ANGEL!

AS FOR YOU, YOU DEGENERATE
ENTRAIL-SLURPERS, YOU SHOULD BE
ASHAMED OF YOURSELVES, TRYING TO
POACH THIS POOR, FRIGHTENED MAN!
UNDERSTAND? NAUGHTY NO-NO!

WE UNDERSTAND!
BUT AS YOU CAN CLEARLY
SEE, WE VEHEMENTLY
DISAGREE WITH YOUR ALL
TOO LIBERAL VIEWS!

WELL-
PHRASED,
MOWGLI!

YES! EITHER SHE
SEES OUR POINT OF VIEW,
OR I'LL PRESENT HER WITH
A VIEW OF MY POINT!

SO, UNLESS
YOU WISH TO END UP
ON THE MENU ALONGSIDE
OUR FRISE DE FILLET,
MIGHT I *HUMBLY* BUT
ENTHUSIASTICALLY
SUGGEST THAT YOU ALLOW
US TO *CONTINUE* OUR
DINNER PREPARATIONS
UNMOLESTED!?

ARGCHHHHHH!!

*MY GOOD MEN, YOU
WOULDN'T BE
THREATENING THIS
MERE SLIP OF A CHILD
WITH *BODILY INJURY*? IF
SO, YOU *WOULD*, NO
DOUBT, INCUR THE
AWE-INSPIRING *WRATH*
OF A VERITABLE
ELEPHANT-SHLONGED
FURY!

POP
VEH *

OH APE, WILL
YOU STOP BEING SO
MELODRAMATICI?

I'M SURE WE CAN WORK OUT THIS LITTLE MISUNDERSTANDING LIKE INTELLIGENT, CIVILIZED HUMAN BEINGS...

*EARTHIAN...CIVILIZED? THAT'S LIKE CALLING MY DIPSTICK A PEASHOOTER!

THAT MAN IS A RUSSIAN WAR-MONGER WHO DESERVES TO DIE!

LIES! ALL LIES! THEM AM PYGMY FANGOR PEOPLE! THEM AM GENETICALLY IMBUE WITH FORKED TONGUES!

AS FOR THEM IDEA OF ELIMINATION... JUST LET ME SHOW YOU THEM DUNG PITS!

THIS DEGENERATE BOLSHEVIK CUR SOUGHT TO ENSLAVE OUR TRIBE! HE FORCED US INTO BONDAGE, UNTIL WE WERE SAVED BY A TIN-CLAD GOLEM FROM THE STARS!

*SEE THE THIRD EXPLOSIVE ISSUE OF WARREN'S NEWEST MAGAZINE OF HEROIC ADVENTURE...THE GOBLINI

AS RESPECTED, PEACE-LOVING MEMBER OF PROUD SOVIET BLOC, I WILL BE NO LONGER TO TOLERATE OF THESE DISSOLUTE FALSE-HOODS!

*SOUNDS LIKE A BUNCH'A HORSE MANURE TO ME!


*KEEP IT COOL, MIGHTY MOUTH! OR I'LL PUT YOUR SHRIVELED CUBES BETWEEN A SESAME SEED BUN MYSELF!

COME! WE WILL SHOW YOU THE EXTENT OF THE PINKO COMMIE WARMONGER'S MACHINATIONS!

THEN WE WILL ALL SIT DOWN TO A RESPLENDENT FEAST OF RICH SAUTED SOVIET DE CELERIAC REMOULADE!

ON BEHALF FROM ANGERED SOCIALIST CITIZENRY, COLONEL FERRETOVICH MUST MOST STRENUOUSLY PROTEST!

*TELL ME SOMETHING I DON'T KNOW, FERRET-FACE!



WITNESS!
AN ARSENAL OF
RUSSIAN WAR-WEAPONRY,
ILLEGALLY ENSCONCED
UPON OUR LANDS BY
FERRETOVICH AND HIS
BOLSHEVIK MINIONS...
TO AGGRAVATE THE
CAPITALIST POWERS AS
WELL AS TO HUMBLE
OUR PEOPLE!

***WHOOOEEE!**
CAN'T ARGUE
WITH EVIDENCE
LIKE THIS,
SUGARPUSSI!

THIS?! PSHAW!
THIS AM NOT WEAPONRY!
IS ONLY FIRST STAGE OF
CONSUMMATE SOCIALIST
AMUSEMENT PARK!

IS CALLED
LENINLAND! WILL BE
GREAT PLACE TO TAKE
WIFE AND KIDS ONCE
COMPLETED!

**GXX
QCB ***

LISTEN
TO THOSE
BLATANT RED-
FACED LIES!
JUST BECAUSE
WE'RE DARK OF
SKIN, MEN OF
FERRETOVICH'S
STRIPE THINK
WE'RE ALL
INTELLECTUAL
AMPUTEES!

***I HEAR
WHERE
YOU'RE
COMIN'
FROM,
LITTLE
BRO!**

**VIN
LAI ***

**NOW WHO
AM LIES!? THE
CHARITABLE SOVIET
CITIZENRY SEND OF
THEIR FRIENDSHIP
AND MONETARY AID
IN FORM OF WHOLE-
SOME FAMILY ENT-
ERTAINMENT AND
THIS AM GRATITUDE
WE GET!?**

COLONEL
MOLOTOV P. FERRETOVICH
AM NEVER SO INSULTED IN
HIM LIFE!

HIM WILL
PROVE THIS AM
REALLY FUN PLACE
FOR HIM TO HAVE
FUN...!

POP
WH!

*THIS FARCE HAS GONE ON LONG ENOUGH,
ANGELCAKES! WHY DON'T YOU SEAL THIS LITTLE
FARTSUCKER'S AIRHOLE, AND WE'LL TURN HIM
OVER TO TERRAN AUTHORITIES IN THE FIRST CITY
WE COME TO!?

BEFORE THE CHILD FROM THE STARWAYS OR HER
LUMBERING COMPANION COULD ACT, THE
RUSSIAN REACHED INTO A HIDDEN PANEL AT THE
BASE OF ONE OF THE RUSSIAN MISSILES...



...AND PULLED FORTH AN AWESOME, OVERSIZED,
AUTOMATIC RIFLE... WHIRLING LIKE A DRUNK ON A
MERRY-GO-ROUND AS FIRE-BELCHING DEATH SPAT
ACROSS THE FLOOR, CEILING AND WALLS OF THE
CLOYING CAVERN!

SEE!? WAS
MUNIFICENT
COLONEL NOT
RIGHT...?!

THIS
AM MOST
FUN HIM
HAVE IN
YEARS!

BAKKA BAKKA

*I SHOULD'VE KNOWN!
LENINLAND WAS ALL A LIE!
THIS GUY'S JUST ANOTHER
INTELLECTUALLY CASTRATED,
DICTATORIAL DILDO... WITH AN
OVERSIZED EGO!

BAKKA

BAKKA!

HA/WH
POW/WH

OH APE... HE'LL KILL ALL
THESE PEOPLE UNLESS WE DO SOME-
THING TO STOP HIM!

STOP!? ME!?
HA HA HA! YOU
DREAM, O BEAUTIFUL
BUT UNCLOTHED
ONE...!

TIN MAN STOP
COLONEL ONCE... BUT
HIM NOT BE SO LAX
SECOND TIME!

BAKKA

BAKKA BAKKA!



I WILL **DISPOSE** OF YOU AT ONCE...AND CONCLUDE EXALTED **MISSION** POLITBORO HAVE ENTRUSTED ME!

YOU! SILENCE! YOU WILL NOT TO SPEAK WITHOUT **PERMISSION!**

*WELL I'LL BE **BLOWN!** HE'S GONNA FINISH **LENINLAND** AFTER ALL!

THAT GO, AS WELL, FOR YOU, OH DIMINUTIVE BUT **REBELLIOUS** ONES!

PLEASE TO CONSIDER YOURSELVES, ONCE AGAIN, EXPATRIATED SUBJECTS OF RESPLENDENT ...**MOTHER RUSSIA!**

BAKKA!
BAKKA!
BAKKA!

NOW...**MOVE**, SCUMMY BROWN GREASEHOLES! YOU EMINENT SOVIET **MASTER** AM NEEDS TO **TIE** TROUBLE-SOME OUTLAND INFIDELS TO **ROCKETRY!**

THE DIMINUTIVE DESPOT **BARKED**, AND HIS WEAPON **GROWLED**, SENDING THE PYGMEAN POLTROONS **SCURRYING** IN EVERY DIRECTION, SUDDENLY, **ANXIOUS** TO CARRY OUT HIS **COMMANDS!** WITHIN **MOMENTS**, THEY RETURNED WITH THE REQUESTED INSTRUMENTS OF **BONDAGE!**

WE ARE **SORRY!** WE DON'T **MEAN** TO **HARM** YOU! IF **ONLY** YOU HAD LET US **FINISH** OUR DINNER **UN-MOLESTED!**

WE **UNDERSTAND**, MOWGLI! WE DON'T WANT YOUR PEOPLE **HARMED** **EITHER...** WHICH IS WHY WE ARE **SUBMITTING** TO THIS INDIGNITY **WITHOUT PROTEST!**

DON'T BE AFRAID! WE HAVE IT ON THE **BEST AUTHORITY** THAT THESE MISSILES ARE **DUDS!**



THE **TIN** MAN TOLD US THIS IS A **DUMMY** BASE, TO **DECEIVE** THE **AMERICANS!**

***TIN MAN!**? WHO IS THIS **TIN** MAN?

THE POWER-MAD RUSSIAN LURCHED TO THE **COMMAND CENTER** OF THE FALLACIOUS BASE...**SMILING** ALL TOO **OMINOUSLY** TO BE UP TO ANY **GOOD!**



IN **MERE TEN SECONDS**, EX-HAUST OF **SOLE SOVIET WARHEAD** THAT AM **NOT** DESIGNED FOR **SHOW...**

NOW, LITTLE BROWNOSE CONSUMERS OF **BOLSHEVIK FLESH...** YOU WILL KNOW WHAT IT IS LIKE TO HAVE YOU **GEESE COOKED!**

...WILL **INCINERATE** YOU **SQUEAMY HIDES**, AND **NUKE** DECAD-ENT **AMERICAN NUDISTS** HALFWAY FROM **AROUND THE GLOBE!**

HAH! YOU THOUGHT AM **FOOL ASTUTE COLONEL** WITH YOU **PHONY PLASTIC DINGDONG** AND **SPEARCHUNKING DIALECT!** IT TAKES **SMARTER MAN** THAN **ME** TO FOOL **COLONEL MOLOTOV P. FERRETOVICH...**

HE...HE'S GOING TO **BLOW US ALL UP!**

WE'VE GOT TO **SAVE THE GIRL** AND HER **FRIEND...**

THERE'S **NO TIME!** THE CHAINS ARE **UN-BREAKABLE!**

AMERICANS WILL NOW SEE WHAT IS LIKE TO HAVE **WORM TURN...**

SOON... **LONE NUCLEAR WARHEAD** WILL **SPEED INTO** THE **AMERICAN BORDER...**

WE'VE GOT TO **RUN!** FIND **COVER!** GET OUT OF THIS **CAVERN...**

...OR WE'RE ALL **DEAD MEAT!**



...AND **MOTHER RUSSIA** WILL BE TO **RULE OF WHOLE WIDE WORLD...**



***UH OH, ANGELCAKES!** THIS **BABY'S SHAKIN' LIKE A PETROLIAN JELLYMAN IN HEAT!** YOU DON'T THINK THOSE **LITTLE BROWN BROTHERS** COULD'VE BEEN **WRONG** ABOUT IT BEING **MERE WINDOW DRESSING?**

OH, APE
...YOU HEARD
THAT **MADMAN!** THIS
IS THE **ONLY ONE** OF
HIS MISSILES THAT
ISN'T A PHONY! WE
...WE'RE GOING TO
BE KILLED IF YOU
DON'T **BREAK THESE**
CHAINS!

APE!
WILL YOU PLEASE
HURRY!?

*I'M TRYIN', ANGEL! I'VE BEEN
TRYING SINCE THEY **STRAPPED**
US **UNTO** THIS OVERSIZED
VIBRATOR! I'VE ONLY BEEN
ENGAGING YOU IN **SNAPPY**
PATTER TO KEEP YOUR MIND
OFF OUR PREDICAMENT...

*...BECAUSE
THE **CHAINS**
ARE TOO
STRONG! I...!
CAN'T BREAK
THEM!
ANGEL!
WE'RE GOING
TO DIE!

*OH, I NEVER PUT
MUCH **STOCK** IN
WHAT A LYING,
SELF-SERVING
COMMUNIST
DILDO SAYS!

LESS THAN A MILE AWAY FROM THE
CLANDESTINE **LAUNCH SITE**, A TIN
CLAD **GIANT** SLOWLY **AMBLES**
THROUGH THE JUNGLE, THE **PYGMIES**
AND THE **RUSSIAN** VERY MUCH
SHADOWING HIS **THOUGHTS!**

LEAVING
FERRETOVICH TO
THE FANGOR
PYGMY PEOPLE
MAY HAVE BEEN
A **RASH MOVE!**
MAYBE-I


WHA--!?
THAT **ROAR!** IT...
IT **SOUNDED** LIKE
THE **LAUNCH TUBES**
OF A **NUCLEAR**
WARHEAD!

MY GOD! DON'T TELL
ME THAT ONE OF THE **RUSSIAN'S**
MISSILES WAS **REAL!**? HOW COULD
I HAVE BEEN SUCH A **FOOL!**? I'VE
GOT TO **STOP** THAT THING BEFORE
IT STARTS **WWIII!**

HIS OWN POWERFUL **ROCKETS** LODGED SECURELY IN HIS
METAL SOLES, THE DAUNTLESS HERO **SOARED** INTO THE
CLOUDS, **DETERMINED** TO DO THE **IMPOSSIBLE!**

I MUST BE
SEEING THINGS!
THERE'RE **PEOPLE**
CHAINED TO THAT
MISSILE!

DAMN THAT
MURDERING COMMIE!
I'LL **RIP** HIS **BLACK**
HEART OUT FOR
THIS!



WHAT THE--?
AN UNCONSCIOUS
GIRL...NO MORE
THAN **FOURTEEN**
YEARS OLD! AND
THIS GUY...HE'S
NOT ONE OF THE
PYGMIES! WHO
THE HELL ARE
THEY?

AND WHY
DOES THAT RUSSIAN
MADMAN WANT THEM
DEAD?

THESE TWO
SHOULD BE DEAD!
BUT THEY AREN'T
EVEN **BURNED!**

NO TIME
FOR QUESTIONS
NOW! I'VE GOT
TO GET THEM TO
SAFETY!

AS FOR
FERRETOVICH...
IF IT'S **HARDBALL**
HE WANTS TO PLAY,
I KNOW JUST THE
TIN HERO WHO'S
WILLING TO **ACCOM-**
MODATE HIM!

YOU
WILL BE
OKAY **HERE,**
LITTLE
GIRL!

I'LL COME
BACK FOR YOU AND
YOUR FRIEND AS SOON
AS I **KICK** ME SOME
WIMPY **BOLSHEVIK**
BUTT...!

FOR A TIME, THE SCREAMS OF WHAT SOUNDED LIKE AN OVERSIZED DYING COCKROACH REVERBERATED THROUGH THE DENSE, CLOYING VEGETATION! THEN, AS ABRUPTLY AS THE CROAKING ULULATIONS BEGAN, THEY WERE SMOTHERED BY AN ALL-PERVADING STILLNESS!

*UGHNNNN! I DON'T KNOW HOW Y'DID IT, SUGARTWAT, BUT I'VE GOTTA THANK YOU FOR PLUCKING MY PUD FROM THE JAWS OF WHAT COULD'VE BEEN AN INTENSELY CASTRATING EXPERIENCE!

OHHHH I WAS ABOUT TO THANK YOU FOR THE VERY SAME THING, APE...NOT IN QUITE THOSE WORDS, HOWEVER!

IF ANYBODY SHOULD BE HANDING OUT THANKS AROUND HERE, IT'S ME! THANKS TO YOU TWO, I FOUND OUT ABOUT FERRET-OVICH'S SOLE NUCLEAR WARHEAD!

THOUGH HOW YOU MANAGED TO SURVIVE BEING TIED TO A NUCLEAR MISSILE IS BEYOND MY MEAGER COMPREHENSION!

OH, APE, I THINK WE JUST FOUND OUR BENEFACTOR!

TINI? OF COURSE! YOU'RE THE TIN MAN! BUT...THIS METAL SUIT IS A DISGUISE, ISN'T IT? TO MAKE PEOPLE THINK YOU'RE NOT HUMAN!

...BUT I HAVE A HUNCH MY BOSSMEN IN WASHINGTON ARE GOING TO WANT TO HEAR ABOUT YOU...!

TERRAN? YES! CIVILIZED...THAT'S SOMETHING ELSE ENTIRELY!

WHEW! YOU'RE FULL OF SURPRISES, KID! I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU KNOW ABOUT ME...

WASHINGTON? IS THAT ONE OF YOUR CIVILIZED TERRAN CENTERS OF ACTIVITY?

YOU WON'T GET PUT IN THE SAME KIND OF STEWPOT WHERE FERRETOVICH CAN BE FOUND EVEN NOW! BUT, IN THEIR OWN WAY, THE SHARKS IN WASHINGTON HAVE BEEN KNOWN TO EAT PEOPLE ALIVE!

*OH, ANGEL-CAKES... WHAT'VE YOU GOTTEN US INTO NOW?

end

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CORBEN POSTER: Incredibly colorful Corben bursts forth in this huge new 19 1/2" x 27 1/2" poster from the Newerwhen series! This is Den as the savage paragon of the carnal combat! Printed in the lushest colors available today, without any type on the artwork whatsoever! #29044—\$2.25

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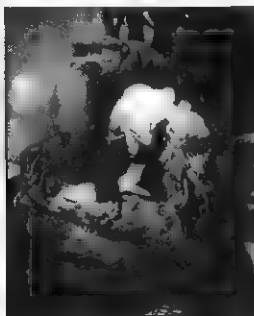


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DIANA JACKLIGHTER, ROOKIE SPACE TRUCKER, HAS KILLED SIX OF THE SEVEN DANGEROUS **ESCAPED CONVICTS** SHE WAS CHARGED WITH HUNTING DOWN! THE **SEVENTH, FRANK BRANNER**, SHE FELL IN LOVE WITH...AND HE DESERTED HER!

NOW, AT LAST, THE NEWS SHE HAS BEEN HOPING FOR COMES CRACKLING OVER THE COMMUNICATOR...ALL THE WAY FROM **BASE ONE** ON EARTH!

CONGRATULATIONS, DIANA!
YOU'VE COMPLETED THE MISSION!
YOU CAN RETURN TO EARTH!

IMAGINE! SEVEN OF
THE MOST DANGEROUS CONVICTS
IN THE GALAXY, AND YOU GOT 'EM
ALL! AND HERE I THOUGHT YOU WERE
TOO CLUMSY, STUPID, AND COWARDLY
TO CATCH EVEN ONE! YOU SURE
HAD ME FOOLED!

THANKS A PILE,
JASON! BUT WAIT...!
HOW AM I SUPPOSED TO
GET BACK TO EARTH?
THIS SHUTTLE HAS ALL
THE THRUST-POWER OF
MY FRIGID AUNT
HATTIE!



DIANA JACKLIGHTER, MANHUNTRESS!

YOU'LL TAKE
THE VALERIE ANNE,
OF COURSE!

BUT THE VALERIE
ANNE WAS NEARLY DE-
STROYED BY A METEOR-
ITE! HOW CAN IT BE
SPACEWORTHY?

WE COMPUTED
AND TRANSMITTED RE-
PAIRS TO THE DAMAGED
MAINTENANCE DRONES
ON BOARD, AND THEY
THEN EFFECTED THE
REPAIRS ON THE VAL-
ERIE ANNE!



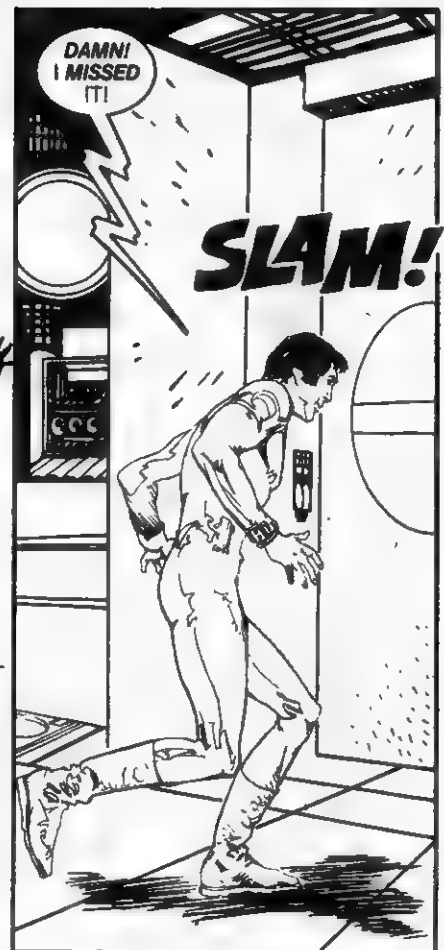
ONE
MORE THING,
JASON...ISN'T
THERE STILL
ONE PRISONER
LEFT? YOU
TOLD ME FRANK
BRANNER WAS
STILL ON THE
LOOSE SOME-
WHERE!

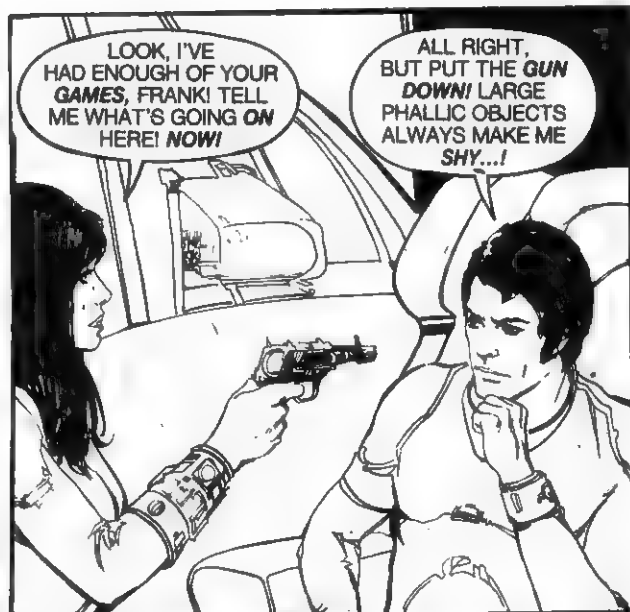
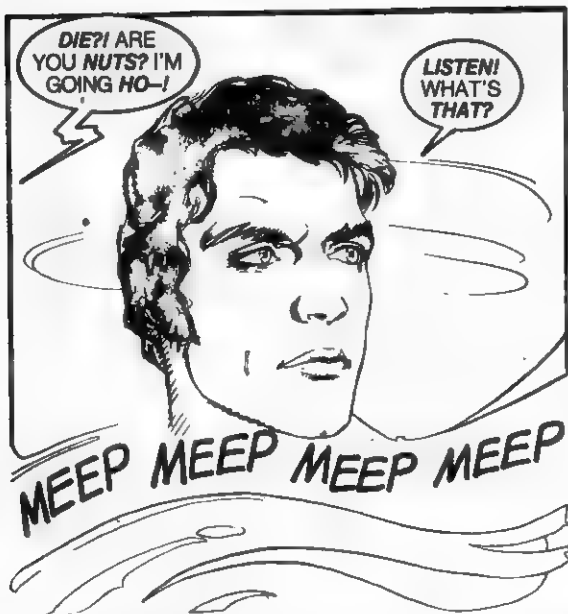
DON'T WORRY
ABOUT BRANNER! WE
PICKED UP HIS SIGNAL
ON DIEMOS 7 AND
CAPTURED HIM! HE'S
SLATED FOR IMMEDIATE
EXECUTION!

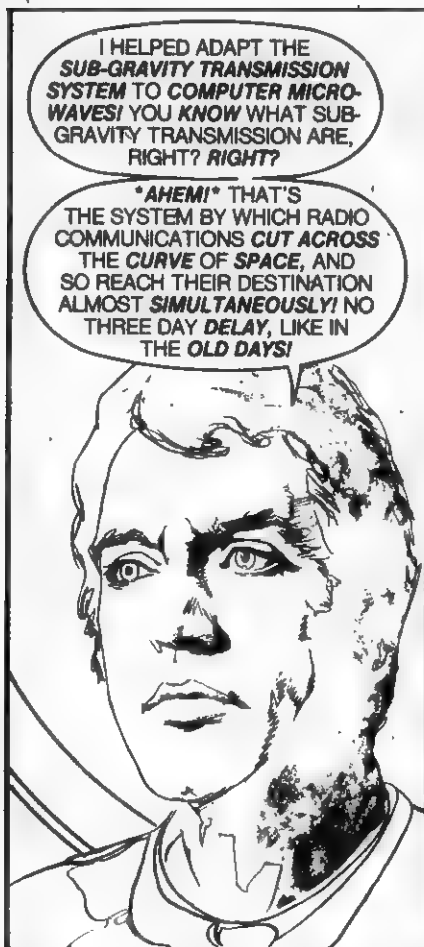
SHOOT ON
OVER TO THE
VALERIE ANNE
AND COME ON
HOME!











I HELPED ADAPT THE **SUB-GRAVITY TRANSMISSION SYSTEM TO COMPUTER MICROWAVES!** YOU KNOW WHAT SUB-GRAVITY TRANSMISSION ARE, RIGHT? RIGHT?

"**AHEM!**" THAT'S THE SYSTEM BY WHICH RADIO COMMUNICATIONS CUT ACROSS THE CURVE OF SPACE, AND SO REACH THEIR DESTINATION ALMOST **SIMULTANEOUSLY!** NO THREE DAY DELAY, LIKE IN THE OLD DAYS!



I'VE GOT **FIFTY MINUTES TO LIVE...** AND YOU'RE GIVING ME A... **PHYSICS LESSON?**

YOU CAN EXPLAIN IT TO GOD! BOY, WILL HE BE IMPRESSED WITH YOU!

ANYWAY...WE ADAPTED THAT SYSTEM TO **COMPUTER MICROWAVES** AND SUDDENLY COMPUTERS ON **EARTH** COULD TALK WITH THOSE WAY OUT IN DEEP SPACE WITH **NO DELAY!**



THE **NEXT STEP** UP FROM COMMUNICATION WAS **CONTROL!** WE DEVELOPED THE **C-X MONITOR**, WHICH WAS INSTALLED IN **EVERY FEDERATE SHIP!**

WITH THAT **MONITOR**, AS YOU KNOW, **BASE ONE** COULD **DIRECT** AND **CONTROL** THE **SPEED**, **COURSE**, AND ALL **SUB-SYSTEMS** OF **ANY SHIP** IN THE **FEDERATION!**



EVEN THOUGH THEY HAVE MORE SOPHISTICATED **SENSORS** AND **CONTROLS** ON **BASE ONE**, IT ALWAYS MADE ME **NERVOUS** WHEN THEY TOOK OVER!

IF YOU THINK THAT WAS **NERVOUS** TIME, WAIT UNTIL YOU HEAR WHAT THE **BOY-GENIUS** CAME UP WITH **NEXT!**



I DISCOVERED A **MATHEMATICAL MATRIX**, A **PATTERN**, TO THE WAY THAT ALL SHIP COMPUTERS ARE PROGRAMMED...AND I SET UP A **COMMAND PROGRAM** THAT COULD **SEIZE CONTROL** OF ANY SHIP WITH THAT **MATRIX ...EARTHAN OR ALIEN...FEDERATE OR NON-FEDERATE...** WITH **NO IN-SHIP OVERRIDE POSSIBLE!**

I CALLED IT MY **FASCIST PROGRAM!**

OH MY GOD...!



FUN, HUH? WITH SUCH A PROGRAM, **ONE MAN** COULD **SEIZE** AND **CONTROL** ANY, AND **EVERY** SPACE SHIP HE **WANTED!** AND...IT IS **UNTRACEABLE!** NO ONE WOULD KNOW WHERE THE **MICROWAVES** WERE **COMING FROM!** I DEVELOPED A **SCRAMBLER!**

MY **PARTNER** AND I GET THIS **FASCIST PROGRAM** UP IN **COMPLETE SECRECY!** WE FIGURED IT WOULD BE **IDEAL** IN THE EVENT OF A **WAR...** BUT, OF COURSE, **LETHAL** IN THE **WRONG HANDS!**

I'M **NO POWER-MONGER**, **DIANA!** WE **PERFECTED** IT...AND THEN WERE PREPARED TO **FILE** AND **FORGET** IT!



UNFORTUNATELY, IN ORDER TO GET FUNDING AND SECURE, CLOSED TERMINALS, WE HAD TO TRUST ONE MAN...AND THAT MAN BETRAYED US! HE STOLE THE PROGRAM AND TRIED TO KILL ME, MY PARTNER... AND YOU TOO!

I'M AFRAID TO ASK WHO YOU MEAN...!



YOUR PAL, JASON BRIDWELL! WHO ELSE?

JASON? NO! I DON'T BELIEVE IT! N-NOO!

IT'S TRUE, LOVE! JASON'D EAT A BUCKET'A BOOGERS FOR AN OUNCE MORE POWER!

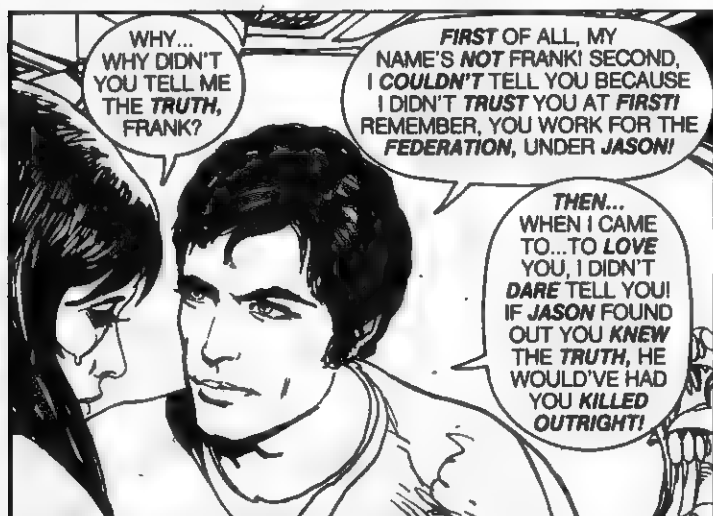


BUT JASON IS MY FRIEND! WHEN I WAS LONELY, HE WAS THERE! HE KEPT ME GOING, HE SAVED MY LIFE...!

TO KEEP YOU ALIVE UNTIL YOU GOT ME AND PIRS PETRENI!

PETRENI? THAT NAME IS SOMEHOW FAMILIAR!

IT OUGHT TO BE! YOU KILLED HIM! HE WAS MY PARTNER!



WHY... WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME THE TRUTH, FRANK?

FIRST OF ALL, MY NAME'S NOT FRANK! SECOND, I COULDN'T TELL YOU BECAUSE I DIDN'T TRUST YOU AT FIRST! REMEMBER, YOU WORK FOR THE FEDERATION, UNDER JASON!

THEN... WHEN I CAME TO... TO LOVE YOU, I DIDN'T DARE TELL YOU! IF JASON FOUND OUT YOU KNEW THE TRUTH, HE WOULD'VE HAD YOU KILLED OUTRIGHT!

"JASON IS INSANE! HE MAY HAVE KILLED SOME OF MY FAMILY AND FRIENDS TO KEEP THEM QUIET! I DISAPPEARED SO SUDDENLY, YOU UNDERSTAND!"

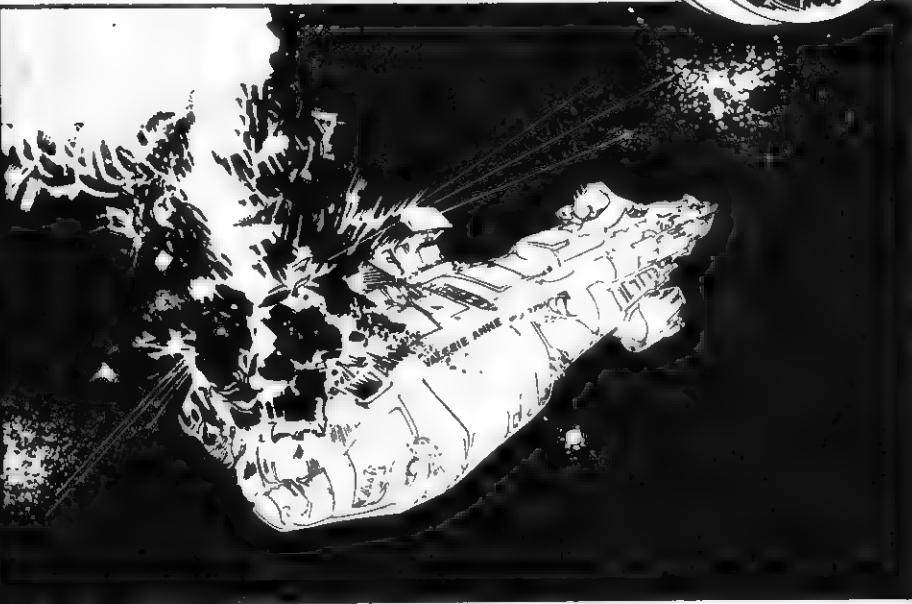
"THE MAN YOU KNEW AS PIRS PETRENI AND I WERE KNOCKED UNCONSCIOUS AND PUT IN SUSPENDED ANIMATION!"



"WE WERE THEN PLACED ONBOARD THE VALERIE ANNE! WE'D BEEN GIVEN THE IDENTITIES OF TWO CRIMINALS, BRANNER AND PETRENI! IT MAY SOUND COMPLICATED BUT, FOR JASON, IT WAS EASY!"

"THEN... HE RIGGED THE 'ACCIDENT'! A METEORITE SUPPOSEDLY STRUCK THE SHIP! ONLY IT WASN'T A METEORITE! IT WAS THE SELF-DESTRUCT DEVICE SELF-DESTRUCTING! DON'T TAKE IT PERSONALLY, DIANA! HE WAS ONLY TRYING TO KILL PETRENI AND MYSELF! AT ANY RATE, THE FULL CHARGE DIDN'T GO OFF, AND ALL THE CONVICTS ESCAPED! JASON NEEDED YOU TO TRACK ME AND PETRENI DOWN!"

"JASON INVENTED THE STORY ABOUT THE PLAGUE TO BE SURE YOU KILLED US AT A DISTANCE... NEVER GOT A CHANCE TO TALK TO US!"





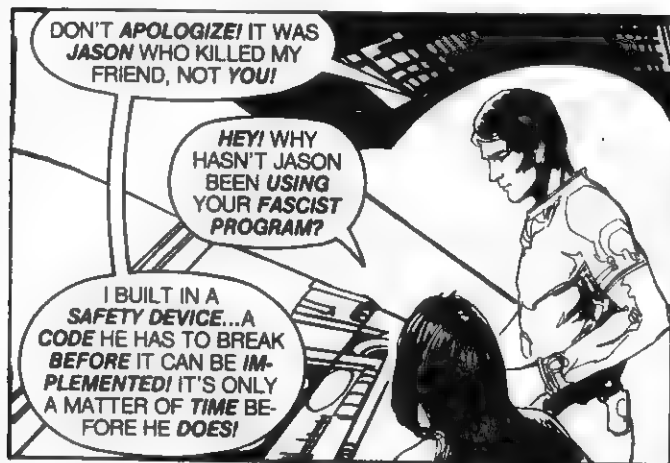
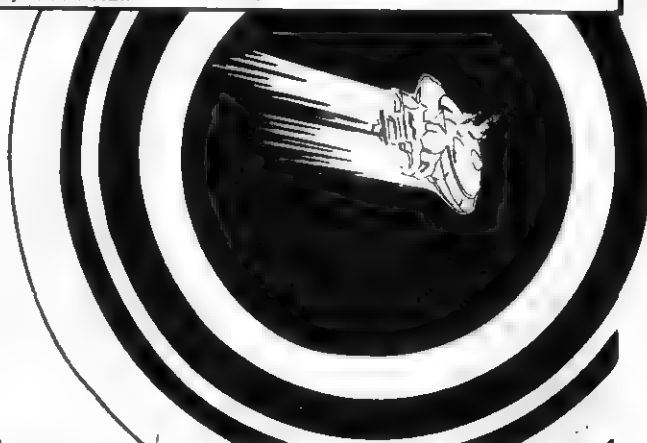
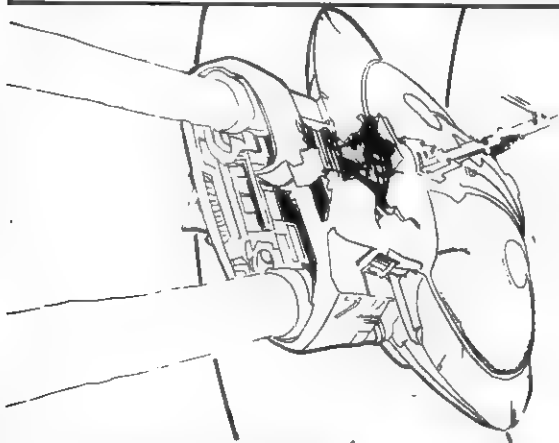
JASON KNEW THAT, ONCE YOU GOT A WHIFF OF THE T.L. HOYT CHARM, YOU-I

CUT THE SHIT, T.L., AND TELL ME WHY YOU MAROONED ME ON CHAMELEOUS!

I DIDN'T! I KNEW YOU'D BE ABLE TO KILL CONLEY AND TAKE HIS SHUTTLE! BESIDES, YOU WERE A TARGET OF JASON'S AS LONG AS WE WERE TOGETHER! AND BESIDES, I HAD TO CONTACT MY PARTNER!

I SEE...!

"I REMEMBER NOW HOW FRANTIC JASON WAS FOR ME TO BLAST PETREN'S SHIP APART, WITH NO WARNING OR MERCY! AND, FAILING THAT, HE HAD ME FORCE HIM INTO THE BLACK HOLE! HE DIDN'T CARE IF I LIVED OR DIED...AS LONG AS PETREN WAS ELIMINATED! I'M SORRY, FRA-I T.L.!"



DON'T APOLOGIZE! IT WAS JASON WHO KILLED MY FRIEND, NOT YOU!

HEY! WHY HASN'T JASON BEEN USING YOUR FASCIST PROGRAM?

I BUILT IN A SAFETY DEVICE...A CODE HE HAS TO BREAK BEFORE IT CAN BE IMPLEMENTED! IT'S ONLY A MATTER OF TIME BEFORE HE DOES!

TRUE! TRUE!

UNLESS...!



IMAGINE... WITH A PROGRAM NO MORE COMPLICATED THAN THIS TAPE, HE'LL HAVE THE POWER OF LIFE AND DEATH OVER MILLIONS! MY GOD...!

I... I'VE GOT TO STOP HIM!



GOOD LUCK! YOU'VE GOT FIFTEEN MINUTES!

IRONIC! IT'S YOUR OWN INVENTIONS THAT ARE ALLOWING JASON TO KILL US ALL THE WAY FROM DEAR EARTH!

TRUE! TRUE!

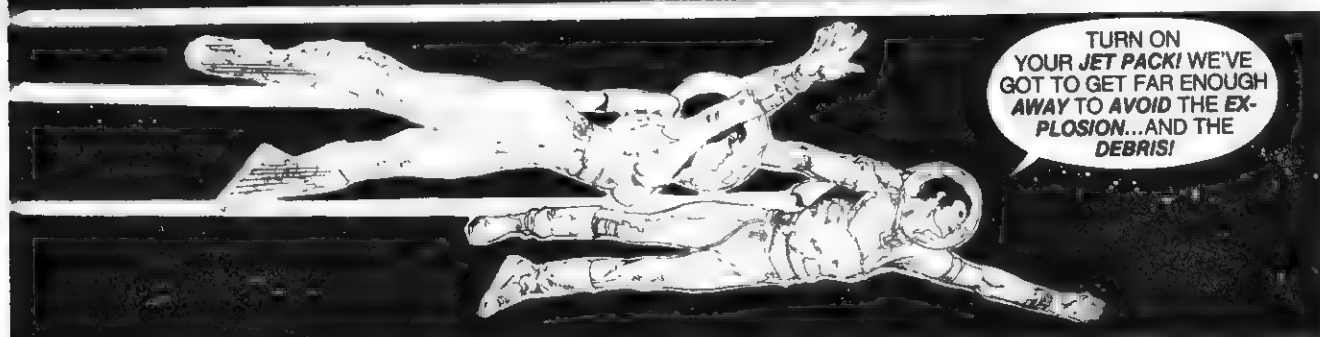
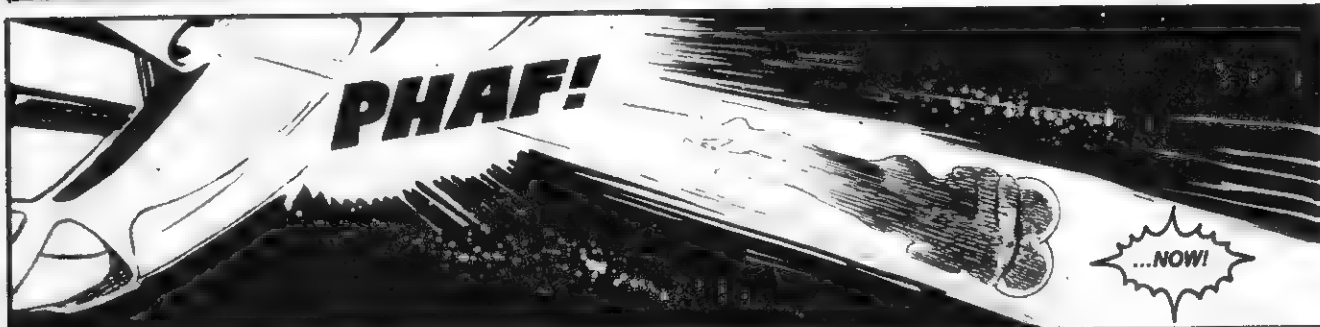
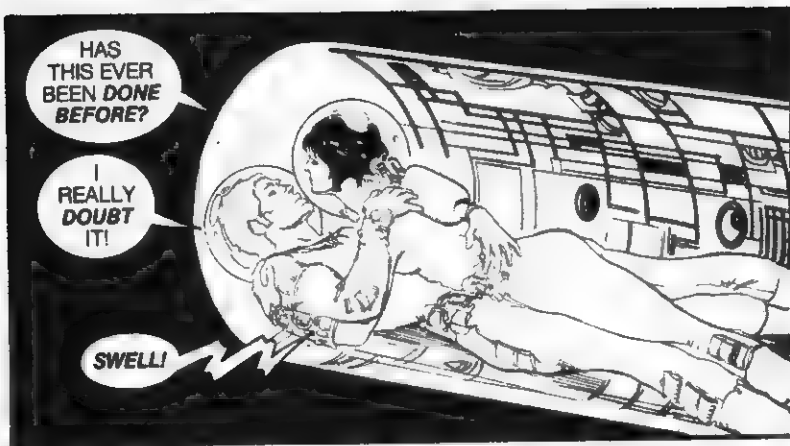
UNLESS...!



UNLESS WHAT? UNLESS WE BLOW OUR OWN BRAINS OUT FIRST?

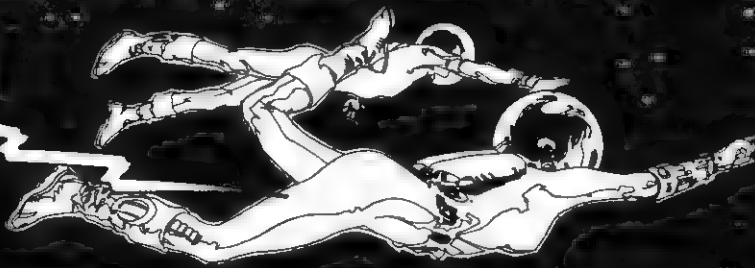
NO... LET ME THINK! THE TORPEDO TUBE ...AND A TIME DELAY DEVICE! YES! IT JUST MIGHT WORK! YES!

QUICK! GET INTO A SPACE SUIT! THIS IS WELL WORTH A TRY!



AND SURE ENOUGH...

LOOK!
HERE COMES
A SHIP NOW!
AND IT'S NOT
A FEDERATE
MODEL!



WHAT THE DING-DONG
BLAZES'R YOU TWO JUV-
ENILE DELINKENTS UP
TO...DIGGIN' FER WORM
HOLES, OR WHAT?

HOW MUCH FOR A RIDE
TO EARTH, MY GOOD
MAN?



EARTH?! HELL'S
BELLS, BOY...THAT'S A WEEK
OUTTA MY WAY!

BUT AFTER PROTRACTED
NEGOTIATIONS. AND A DEFT HAND-
JOB...THE TRUCKER AGREES TO A
STOP ON EARTH!

WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO?
TAKE ON THE WHOLE FEDER-
ATION OURSELVES?

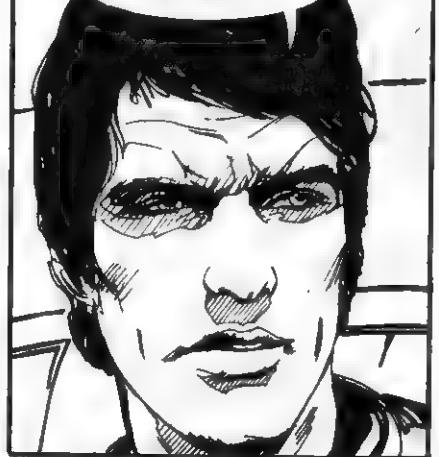
IF I CAN GET IN TO
BASE ONE COMMAND, I'LL BE
ABLE TO FIND MY PROGRAM! BUT
IT'S LIKE A FIRST DATE...THE
PROBLEM IS GETTING IN!



AND WE'LL HAVE
TO DEAL WITH JASON,
WON'T WE? MY FATHER
FIGURE FOR THE LAST
YEAR! GOD! HOW AM
I EVER GOING TO BE
ABLE TO TRUST ANY-
ONE AGAIN?



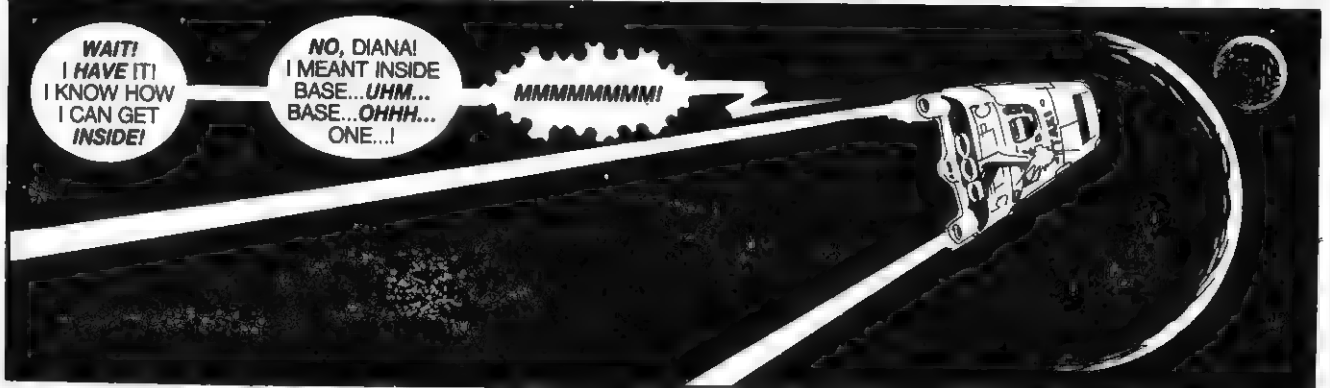
I TRUSTED HIM TOO,
SO DON'T FEEL SO BAD!
THE FEDERATION SEEMS TO
TRUST HIM...AND YET HE'S
OBVIOUSLY KEEPING MY
PROGRAM TO HIMSELF! HE
MUST BE BIDDING HIS TIME
FOR A POWER TAKE-OVER
WHEN HE CRACKS THE
CODE! BASTARD!



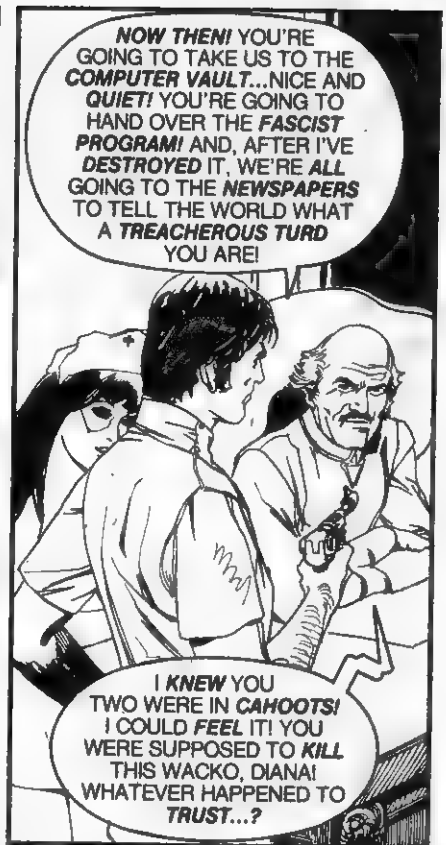
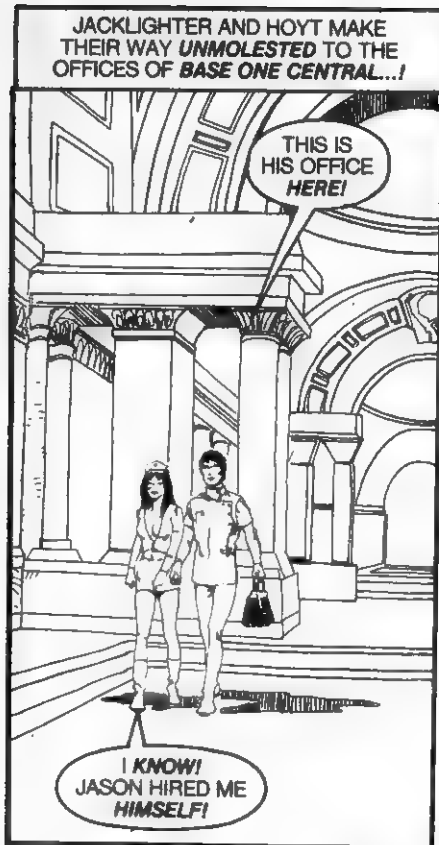
WAIT!
I HAVE IT!
I KNOW HOW
I CAN GET
INSIDE!

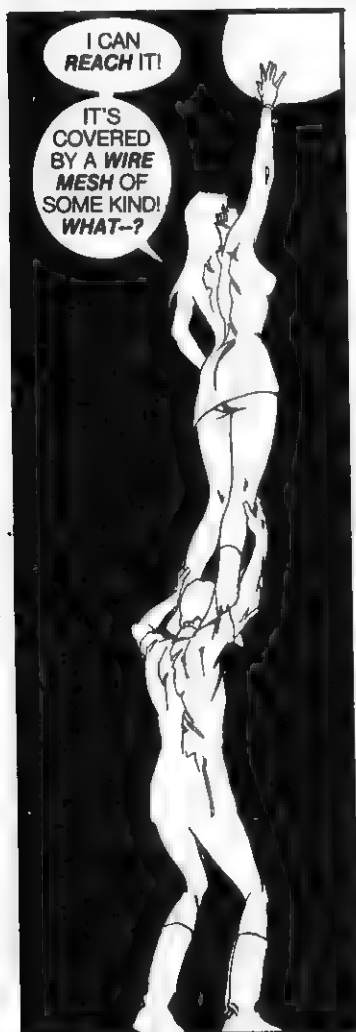
NO, DIANA!
I MEANT INSIDE
BASE...UHM...
BASE...OHHH...
ONE...!

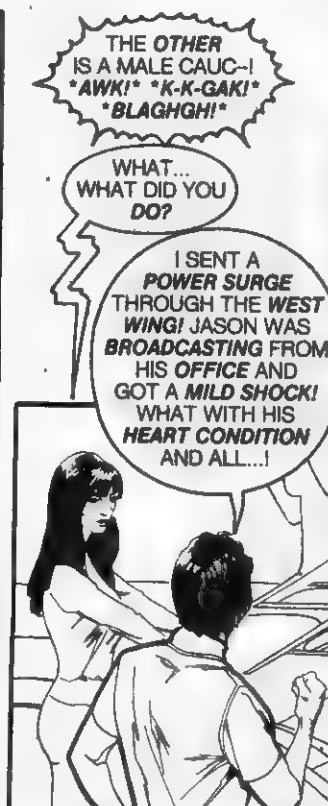
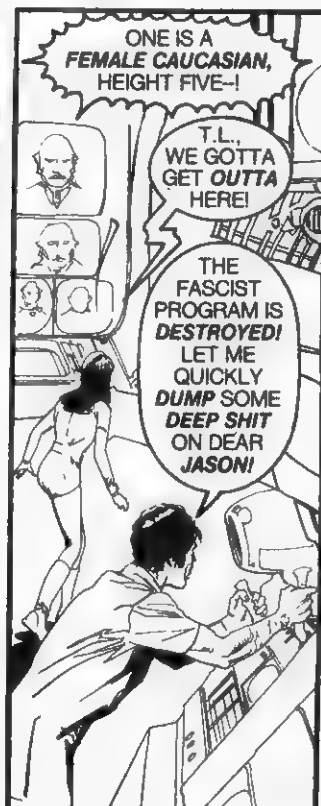
MMMMMMMM!







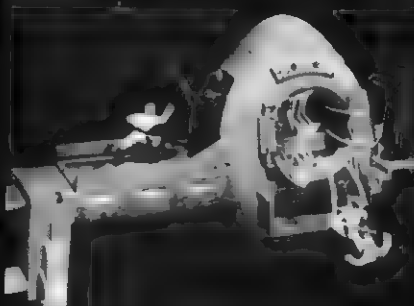






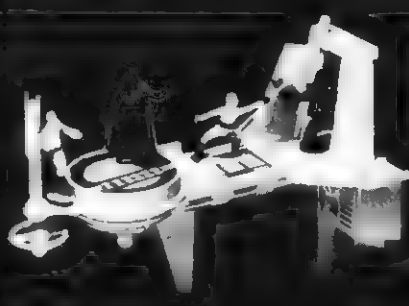
STAR WARS MICRO COLLECTION

BESPIN CONTROL ROOM



The duel continues! Four die cast metal figures of Luke and Darth Vader in action poses! Features 'break away' windows with remote lever and special platform! Connects to other Bespin playsets. #26345—\$11.90

BESPIN GANTRY



Site of Luke's famed lightsabre duel with Vader! Remote operated gantry door opens and leads to rotating platform! Includes four unique die cast figures! Also connects to other Bespin playsets. #26346—\$11.90

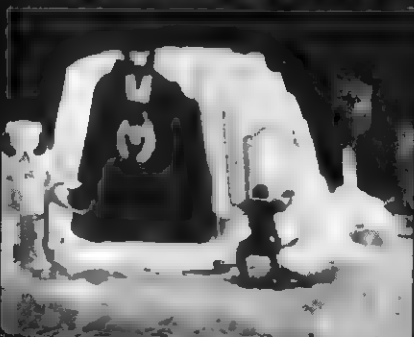
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A special platform lowers Han Solo into chamber—then turn the action lever to raise a 'frozen' figure out with the lifting claw! Movable ramp, stairs, elevator, escape hatch! Eight metal figures! #26347—\$29.90

Special Offer! All three interlocking Bespin World playsets for only \$49.95!

HOTH WAMPA CAVE



Recreates Luke's capture by Hoth Wampa, the snow monster, plus Han and Chewbacca destroying the probot! Contains an 'action launcher' and 4 metal figures! Connects with other Hoth playsets. #26349—\$11.90

HOTH GENERATOR ATTACK



Features exploding generator and Scout Walker that stands unassisted and also explodes by remote control when positioned on snow base! Six die cast metal figures! Connects to all Hoth playsets. #26350—\$19.90

HOTH ION CANNON



Operated by remote lever and clicks to simulate firing! Includes observation tower with blast doors, a command post with two computer terminals and a battle damage feature! Eight metal figures! #26351—\$29.90

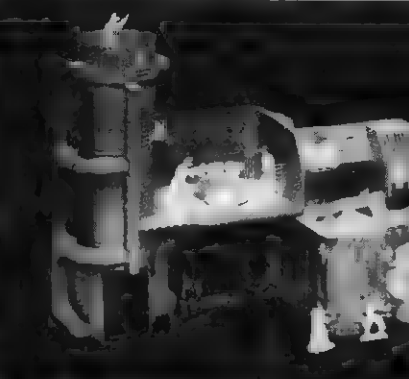
Special Offer! All three interlocking Hoth World playsets for only \$55.95!

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Features exploding cannon that clicks and holds a stormtrooper, manually operated bridge, removable elevator assembly and even a rope to swing Luke Skywalker and Princess Leia Organa from one side to the other! Includes six unique die cast metal figures set in action poses! Interlocks with the Death Star Compactor playset. #26353—\$19.90

DEATH STAR COMPACTOR



Manually operated trash compactor with escape hatch that opens at the last second, remote operated blast door that springs shut, elevator, plus blast hatch to let figures jump into the trash compactor! Contains 8 die cast figures including Han Solo and Luke Skywalker in Stormtrooper outfits! Connects to Death Star Escape playset. #26354—\$25.90

DEATH STAR ESCAPE & COMPACTOR



Special Offer!
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interlocking sets
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ORIGINAL SOUNDTRACK RECORDING

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CLOSE ENCOUNTERS

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BY VLADIMIR KUZNETSOV



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CLOSE ENCOUNTERS

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CLOSE ENCOUNTERS

WORD WEBS & LETTER UPS



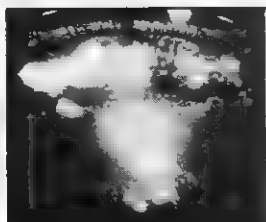
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CLOSE ENCOUNTERS

DOT TO DOTS



DOT-TO-DOTS: Everyone's favorite! Connect the dots to re-create exciting scenes from the movie! More than 20 double-page puzzles are included in this large size (8 x 10") format. Plus many photos from the film! #21311/\$1.25



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Collect a complete set of the master artist's barbarians and voluptuous women!

FRAZETTA



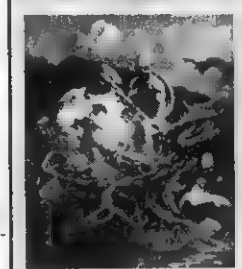
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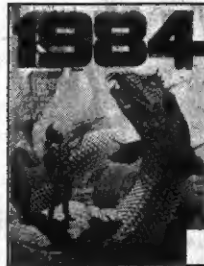
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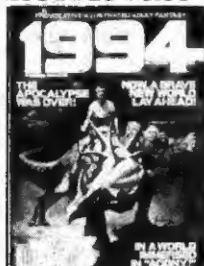
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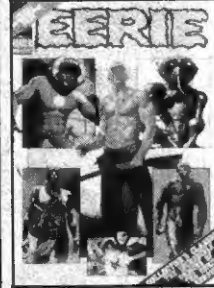
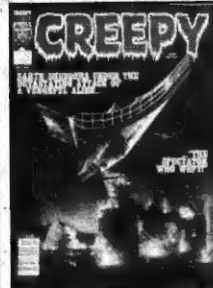
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THE EMPIRE STRIKES BACK



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